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LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
NED TURNER,

THE CONQUEROR OF

THE HARDY AND ALMOST INVULNERABLE SCROGGINS.

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THIRD PUGILISTIC CONTEST BETWEEN TURNER AND SCROGGINS, AT SHEPPERTON RANGE, OCTOBER, 1817, FOR £50 ASIDE.

From the apparent careless conduct of Scroggins, since the stakes were made good, much doubt and mystery, it seems, prevailed through the Fancy, respecting the above battle, and a strong opinion was maintained "that no fight would take place." Even 3 to 1 was betted on this particular point. This circumstance operated as a great drawback upon the interest of the contest, and until the evening preceding the battle, very few sums were risked upon the event. Both the combatants, however, had publicly declared it should not be their fault if any disappointment occurred, as they were very anxious to come to a decision upon the subject. Notwithstanding this mystery, which existed among the betting amateurs, still Scroggins had not lost his interest with the sporting world generally; and early on the morning appointed for the battle the various roads leading to the scene of action gave proof of it. The ring was made at an early hour, at Shepperton; and, whether owing to accident or intention, we have yet to learn, but upon the arrival of numerous spectators at the above spot, it was given out "the fight would take place at Moulsey." Thither the motley cavalcade repaired, and the confusion that now occurred beggars description—the flight from Shepperton through Walton was like the retreat of an army to reach a desired point—those persons, too, who were galloping from Hampton to Shepperton now turned suddenly round upon hearing the news—the road in consequence was blocked up—the scent for a time was lost, and all seemed doubt and glorious confusion. A strong group was, at length, seen forming across the water at Moulsey, and the boats were now actively employed in conveying over the anxious spectators to be in time. It was now booked by many that no fight would take place; and, if it did, that hundreds would not be able to see it. The hoax, however, was dispelled—and "Shepperton" was again the signal. Till this period, no idea was formed of the number of the people interested in the event. The barouches—post-chaises—gigs—rattlers—heavy drags---waggons---rozinantes, &c., now all in rapid motion in one line ---numerous pedestrians out of breath to keep pace with the vehicles, one o'clock being nearly arrived---the whole enveloped in clouds of dust---the people all out of their doors and windows throughout the villages as they passed, the staring of the Johnny raws, &c., &c., formed a picture not easily to be described. The keeper of the Waltonbridge toll, anxious, it seems, to come in for a *slice* of the *arcana* of making the ring, put up a board at the end of a lane, "this is the road to the fight," and from this stratagem came in for a tolerable good share of copper. It was considerably out of the way. At length, "all was considered right," the ring was formed, and the spectators took their stations. But then another dilemma arose, the principal actor had not arrived---and the audience waiting in the most anxious suspense. Turner had been in the ring and thrown up his hat without being answered. Two to one was offered it was no fight. To prevent total disappointment, the after-piece was about to be performed first, and two boys appeared stripped. But the cry of "Scroggins--Scroggins"—was now heard, the boys instantly made their exit, and the little hero was greeted welcome. Upon being asked by a friend if he meant to fight—he answered, "Yes, and win it." The combatants soon prepared for action, and 7 to 4 against Scroggins, although he appeared in the best condition. Tom Owen and Painter were for Turner; and Paddington Jones and Spring waited upon Scroggins. The colors of the combatants were tied to the stakes of the ring, and at two o'clock the men set-to. (The articles mentioned to meet between twelve and one; but Turner did not wish to avail himself of this advantage.)

First round. This first round was very similar to the two last battles at Hayes and Sawbridgeworth, but with an increase of caution on both sides. Scroggins, it seemed, did not like the idea of going in to smash his opponent at the onset, after his usual decided manner, when victory crowned his efforts in seven successive contests, but exhibited a total change in his tactics—a complete new feature—and this once tremendous milling boxer now preferred the system of getting away adopted by scientific pugilists. Turner, equally on the alert, and wishing to do everything but receive, lengthened out this round to five minutes and a half, during which time, they dodged each other about the ring to obtain the first advantage. Turner, at last, hit short, and Scroggins also made a feint without effect. Turner was tired of his position and put down his hands. They, however, finished the round by both hitting together, closed, went down, but Turner undermost. Only four blows were exchanged.

2. Turner planted two clean hits without experiencing any return. A good rally followed, during which the mug of Scroggins was claretted. In closing, both down, but Turner again undermost.

3. The little hero, anxious to punish his adversary, rushed in and planted a severe hit under the jaws of Turner and got away. In rallying, however, Scroggins slipped down, and received a slight hit in falling.

4. Nearly a minute had elapsed before a hit was made. Turner gave two sharp blows, and Scroggins put in a desperate nobber, just passing the ear of Turner. It was a good round altogether. In closing the strength of Scroggins prevailed, and Turner was thrown.

5. It was evident to every one the great advantages Turner derived from his hight and length over his adversary. The latter, with much *sang froid*, planted two nobbers and got away. Some sharp blows were exchanged when they separated from each other. In finishing the round, a smart rally occurred, and, in going down, Scroggins was undermost. Five to 2 on Turner, but little betting occurred.

6. Scroggins appeared earnestly to wish for in-fighting, but the difficulty and danger of the attempt operated as a drawback upon his exertions. He, however, made two punishing hits, but, in closing, Turner caught hold of his nob, and colored it with all the quickness of a painter with his brush. In struggling for the throw Turner was undermost, but he gave his opponent rather an ugly hoist.

7. In this round Scroggy appeared to advantage. He fought after his usual method, regardless of the consequences. He stopped Turner as he was coming in with a tremendous hit in his face, that made his head bob again. Scroggins also planted two more severe blows that seemed rather to confuse the tactics of Turner. The latter returned heavily, and made an up-hit at his opponent's throat, but he missed it. In closing, both down, but Turner undermost.

8. The little hero, full of gaiety, rushed in, planted two successful hits, and bored Turner down. Bravo, Scroggy! and applause.

9. After an exchange, Turner went down from a blow on the side of the head.

10. The length of Turner again prevailed to a great extent. Scroggins was desperate in action, but not effective in execution; while, on the contrary, Turner planted three hits in succession on the face of his opponent, and the claret followed at every touch copiously. In closing, Turner was undermost.

11. This round was contested in a most manly style. Scroggins, with uncommon severity, hit Turner away from him in three successive attempts, when considerable sparring occurred. Turner then took the lead, and the execution he performed on the head of Scroggins was tremendous. He also finished the round in high style, and Scroggins undermost.

12. Turner was much applauded in this round for his manly conduct. In a close, he let Scroggins down without a blow, throwing up his hands and walking away.

13. This was a grand round, and Scroggins never displayed anything like such a knowledge of the pugilistic art in any of his previous contests. Scroggins stopped with considerable skill, and reciprocal fighting occurred. Scroggins got rather impetuous, and threw his blows away; and Turner was also incorrect in some of his distances. The latter again hit up at his head, but without effect. Scroggins went down.

14. Considerable execution occurred between the combatants. Scroggins planted two good hits upon his opponent's nob; but Turner returned upon him so hard and fast that Scroggins turned round rather confusedly. He however rallied with great spirit till he slipped down. The odds were now all upon Turner, and scarcely any takers to be met with from handsome offers.

15. Well contested and both down, but Scroggins undermost.

16. Turner commenced by planting a successful blow on the head of Scroggins; but the latter returned in a spirited manner, and hit, hit, and hit again, till Turner went down. Great applause.

17. Some sharp blows occurred between the combatants in this round. Scroggins made a hit over the left eye of Turner, and he also touched his body; but Turner sent his adversary down.

18. After some sparring, Turner put down his hands and rubbed them against his body. Some blows were exchanged. In struggling to obtain the throw, Turner neatly tripped up his antagonist.

19. The hands of Turner were covered with the blood of his opponent. In closing, Scroggins was undermost.

20. Some good hits were exchanged, but materially in favor of Turner, who planted four blows in succession, without having any return, but Turner went down rather weak.

21. Scroggins planted a sharp blow on the side of Turner's head, when he dropped down on one knee, but instantly rose again and went on his second's knee. Great applause.

22. Good exchanges. In closing Turner was down, and Scroggins fell upon him. Turner also received a sharp hit on his throat.

23. On setting-to Turner sighed loudly, as if in want of wind, and after some little sparring, he dropped his hands, as did also his opponent. Scroggins let several opportunities slip of going in; and when he did it was more of the "forlorn-hope" sort of attack, than from the cool judgment of the tactician.

24. The little hero went in with much resolution, and ultimately sent down Turner upon his rump. Great applause.

25. On coming to the scratch Turner displayed considerable weakness, his knees trembled violently. In the course of this round, Turner turned from his antagonist, but Scroggins ultimately went down. Both of the combatants put down their hands, when Turner endeavored, from his activity, to take advantage of this circumstance; some marks of disapprobation were expressed.

26. Some sparring occurred, and Turner put down his hands, when the men fought their way into a close. They broke away, and closed again, and dealt out to each other some heavy blows, and Turner received so severely on his kidneys, that he appeared to go down from weakness. Scroggins bled profusely.

27. One hour and three minutes had now elapsed, and Scroggins appeared to stand the firmest on his legs. But the betting did not change in his favor. The position of Turner rendered him so formidable that it was dangerous to attack him. Scroggins displayed some of his old antics, and in going in, slipped down from a slight hit.

28. Some blows were exchanged, and Turner went down.

29. Scroggins even now appeared well upon his legs, and he followed Turner all round the ring, and, in closing, Turner was undermost.

30. Scroggins felt determined to win if possible. Turner was hit away from his intention of going in. It was a good round, and both down.

31. Notwithstanding Scroggins showed himself off in good style, the chance was completely against him. He went down from a slight hit. Turner, in general, finished most of the rounds decidedly in his favor.

32. Scroggins went down from a severe hit in the body.

33. This was a good round. Scroggins followed his opponent in a desperate manner all over the ring, and Turner went down from a slip or a slight hit.

34. The chancery suit was fast coming on Scroggins, and his nob was completely at the service of his opponent. The little hardy hero nevertheless contended for victory, till he fell in an exhausted state.

35. If Scroggins was not satisfied of the superiority of his opponent, the spectators had long previous to this period been convinced that he had no chance of winning. He went down from a slight hit almost upon setting-to.

36. Turner sent Scroggins down in a twinkling, and his legs curled up.

37. The head of Scroggins was in a terrible state; but, notwithstanding he stood at the scratch in a more firm state than might have been expected. He was shortly hit down: and the general cry was "take him away."

38. The desperation of Scroggins was not quite exhausted, and he endeavored to contend up to the last moment. He was so weak that he went down from a mere touch.

39 and last. His friends were now perfectly satisfied that Scroggins had done everything that a brave man could attempt. The idea of losing seemed terrible to his feelings, and he again endeavored to meet his opponent. On setting-to the punishment of his adversary was so severe to him, that he turned, as it were, in a confused state from it, and fell forward upon the ropes. Turner instantly patted him on the back, implying, "you are a brave fellow!" The battle was now at an end. Scroggins could not come again, and Turner immediately went up to him and shook him by the hand, before he quitted the ring. It continued one hour, thirty-one minutes and a half.

Scroggins, from the brave conduct he displayed in the above battle, has completely removed all those insinuations which were levelled at him respecting his defeat at Sawbridgeworth, and established his character as a determined game boxer. Though defeated he has not been disgraced; but compelled, at length, to yield to superior skill, hight, and length. It might not, perhaps, be too much to observe, that he is yet equal, if not able to beat any man of his exact hight that dares to enter the lists with him. Turner, from his distinguished conquests over a hero like Scroggins, (who had gained such an ascendency and attraction throughout the circles of the Fancy,) has placed himself at the top of the tree! And it should also be recollected, that he has fought four prize battles, and experienced eight weeks' close confinement, added to the agitation of his mind during his trial, within the last twelve months. He is a truly singular boxer, possessing requisites rare and valuable; and his position, though not showy, is formidable in the extreme. Cool and collected in the heat of battle, with game of the first quality, Turner retired from the ring with only a slight scratch upon his ear. He was well seconded by Owen and Painter. Whoever fancies Turner for a customer must be armed at all points, and have all their recollection about them on entering the ring. His backers presented him, as the fruits of his victory, with the whole of the battle money. He returned to London on the same evening, and appeared among the company at Belcher's, as if nothing had happened. Scroggins showed himself in town the next morning, but his head exhibited terrible marks of punishment.

Turner, in having accomplished this second victory, has obtained a high pugilistic eminence in the Sporting World; but it might be fairly urged, that Ned was literally "dragged" into his present milling popularity, from the repeated sneerings his efforts received from the late unfortunate Curtis; and also the sovereign contempt his capabilities were treated by Scroggins; however, Turner wears his "blushing honors" with becoming moderation. In disposition, he is modest, generous, unassuming, civil, and communicative. His countenance, it is thought, bears a great similarity to the features of Dutch Sam, but without that degree of ferocity which characterised the face of the Jew Phenomenon. His flesh is of so close a texture, that, in all his fights, it appears, none of his opponents have ever been able to draw any blood from him. Turner is in height about 5 feet 7 inches, weighing 10st 4lb. He is more of an affective than a showy fighter, and peculiarly cautious and vigilant in the fight; scarcely ever making a blow first, but improving every opportunity with much quickness, from a sharp penetrating eye. Turner is considered one of the most difficult boxers to be got at on the whole list of Pugilists. The distance he stands from his opponent is truly singular, and he avoids the coming blow with much dexterity. He also gets away with adroitness, and he uses his left hand with celerity and effect. His appearance does not indicate much strength; but, nevertheless, his length of arm is capable of every exertion, and it is said of Turner that he can exercise with dumb-bells, weighing 18 pounds, 300 times, before he feels tired. His attitude is firm and erect, and his mode of standing, with his right leg foremost, puzzles all his adversaries, and it is viewed as a great means towards producing victory. No boxer, it is said, recovers himself after striking a blow with more quickness, rendering his position ready, either to commence offensive operations, or to protect his frame from the attacks of his opponent, than Turner. This is a trait of excellence that few pugilists possess, in an eminent degree; and boxers, in general, do not seem to calculate upon its advantageous results towards conquest. Tom Belcher, in this respect, is a most excellent model. It is also urged by the friends of Turner that his boxing requisites have been seen to greater advantage in his accidental skirmishes than in those prize fights which have so much enhanced his milling reputation, owing to laboring under those peculiar feelings which he cannot get the better of for some time after his entering the ring with an opponent, merely to obtain a purse.

His integrity is unquestionable, and, in Wales, he can be backed to any amount; and also in the metropolis he has equally numerous supporters. As a workman, it seems he can earn from £150 to £200 per annum.

It is almost impossible to add anything to the high character already given of the above boxer; it is well know to every person acquainted with the Prize Ring, that a gamer man, or a more cool taker, never entered the ropes than Ned Turner. It is true, he experienced defeat in his memorable contest with Randall, as recorded in the Life of Randall, published in the Clipper a short time since, but, it is equally true, it was a defeat so free from dishonor, that he did not lose a single friend, although that event proved rather unfortunate to his numerous backers. Turner contested every inch of the ground with Randall, towards obtaining the victory---higher courage was never displayed by any pugilist whatever; and his fighting, also, in many parts of this celebrated battle, exhibited a very superior knowledge of the Art of Self-Defence.

The amateurs, it seems, anxious to keep the "game alive," were not long in selecting Cy. Davis as an opponent for Turner. Davis was not only an object of considerable attraction in Bristol, his native place, where he had showed off, with considerable success, among the trumps in that famed milling nursery; but he was much admired by the London Fancy, from the lively style of fighting he displayed, in beating, off-hand, the senior Belasco, and they denominated him the "Gay Bristol Boy." A match was therefore made, without any hesitation on the part of Tom Belcher, for Davis, for 100 Guineas aside; and Turner, it appears, from his well-known tried qualities, did not want for friends to support him on this occasion. But Davis stood so well with the sporting people, that it was even betting, and the former was taken for choice. Wallingham Common, in Surrey, 17 miles from London, was the spot selected for this combat to take place; and notwithstanding the torrents of rain which prevailed for some hours on Friday morning, June 18, 1819, it had not the least effect upon the amateurs, and they drove along the road with all the gaiety and *sang-froid* of a sun-shining day. The game of most of the Fancy scorned even to sport an umbrella; and it should seem that the recollection of the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo gave them fresh vigor, as they went forward to the scene of action without the slightest wish to turn round. The kids in the open tumblers were dripping pictures indeed; the swells in the gigs were denominated cool customers; the pedestrians hailed as mud-larks, beggaring all description; while the Corinthians in the barouches were laughing at the Bushy Park coves, and for once prided themselves on the smiles and comfort the blunt can at all times procure. The Bonnifaces also seemed to keep pace with the weather, and the Lushingtons, on tipping off the blue ruin, made wry faces at its watery effects, and buffed it that the wet must have made its way into the bar. At length all difficulties were at an end; the rain had ceased, the ring appeared in view, and preparations were made for the combat to commence. Turner threw up his hat first in the ring, attended by Cribb and Randall, when, after waiting a considerable time, Davis was called for loudly by the Champion. Some minutes elapsed, when Davis appeared with Tom Belcher and Harmer, and repeated the token of defiance. At a quarter before two the men set to, the colors having been previously tied to the stakes; the true blue was placed by Randall, and the original yellow man (which has, ever since the period of the late Jem Belcher, out of compliment to his pugilistic fame, been denominated a "Belcher") was tied over the blue by Tom Belcher. Even betting was about the thing.

First round. Davis looked in fine condition, and appeared to be able to win it off hand, in comparison with his opponent; who, however, looked better than was expected. Indeed, the contrast was very great. Davis, from his fine and elegant form, was denominated the *beau ideal* of the ring; while, on the contrary, Turner loohed more like the weather-beaten Greenwich Pensioner. It was thought the gay Bristol boy would go to work without ceremony, and nob Turner in style, from the very animated manner he disposed of Belasco the Jew; but whether the high fame of Turner had made any impression upon his feelings, or the Dutch Sam like countenance of his opponent imparted terrors that he had not hitherto anticipated, it is most certain that he was particularly cautious, and Turner hit first slightly with his left hand. Long sparring, and Davis kept retreating. Turner put in five hits on the body and head, when Davis smiled. Another long pause of sparring occurred, and Randall was seen sitting on the ropes minutely eyeing the tactics of both the combatants. Some exchanges took place, and the right cheek of Davis appeared red, and Turner planted a blow on the body that sent Davis staggering. He went down. Loud shouting; when Randall asked if he was the Bristol boy, and whether they could call him a fighting man?—6 to 4.

2. Turner had scarcely planted a hit, when Davis went down. Great murmurings, and "Turner, my boy, you'll win it without a scratch." Two to one.

3. Great astonishment was excited all round the ring at the conduct of Davis, and he seemed as if afraid to face his man with any degree of confidence. After some cautious sparring, Turner made a hit, but it was so much a question whether it touched Davis or not, that the umpires advised his seconds for him to be more careful in future on his going down, as, if such conduct was pursued, the battle must immediately have an end. Disapprobation expressed.

4. Turner made play, and used both his hands with success. Davis smiled, and, with a tremendous right-handed hit on the head, knocked Turner down. This decided the first knock down blow, and Turner also showed the first blood. "Go along, Davis, from the Bristolians; you can do it, if you like. Another such a hit, and it will be all right."

5. Instead of Davis going in to follow up his success, he again went down from a slight hit; in fact, it was thought, almost without a blow.

6. Turner followed Davis, and planted some hits. The latter, it should seem, had no inclination to go in, or else it was evident he might have stood upon even terms with his opponent. He was no novice at fighting; he could also hit hard, and stop well: but he must have been panic struck; or else, from his previous milling character, he could not have done as he did. He again went down; when the Bristol men appeared quite angry with him, crying out, "Davis, what are you at?" 20 to 6.

7. Davis appeared as if he felt their reproaches, and went to work in earnest. "Look, look!" observed several amateurs, "this chap may win it now, if he will but go in and fight. He can do something, if he likes." It was a good round; but he was now really hit down. "Bravo, Turner!" and, "Give him a little one for me." Also, "Well done, Davis."

8. Davis positively seemed afraid to hit home. Turner got away from a flooring right handed hit, but the latter, notwithstanding, was now the most punished, and bleeding. Davis had the best of the hitting, and gave Turner a hard blow on the side of the head. Davis might have showed himself off in good style, but it was urged he wanted pluck. Both down.

9. Davis went down from a slight hit.

10. Notwithstanding the shy fighting of Davis, he hit Turner on the jaw so tremendously with his right hand, that he went down like a shot, and seemed almost in a state of stupor. "Go, it Davis," from his partizans; "that's the way to mill, and you'll win." Turner was quite abroad; and his ogles looked dim, while sitting upon the knee of his second: another such a hit, if it had been quickly repeated, must have proved the *quietus*. This dreadful hit operated seriously on his backers. Long faces were seen in all directions; and even Randall shook his head, scarcely knowwhat to think of it Indeed, it was all but over with Turner. Great applause was here given to Davis, and the Bristolians were all as gay as larks.

11. But Davis did not follow up his success: and had he done so, he might have performed wonders. Some sharp exchanges took place, and Turner's face was claretted all over. Davis turned round from the hitting, and it was thought that Turner hit him when he was down. "Foul, foul!" was cried out. "Never mind; they're only even," said a sly old sportsman.

12. Turner stopped most of his opponent's blows, and sent him down. This almost *jaw-breaker* waked Turner to the dangerous intent of his opponent's right hand. However singular it may appear, it might also be urged, that this blow gave victory to Turner. He now became leary to it, and stopped it with great judgment.

13. This was a good round; and Davis showed something like a boxer, till he was hit down. If he had possessed any sort of fear, it seemed now removed, by his sticking close to his work; and his conduct at this juncture claimed praise and attention; and an excellent judge exclaimed, "Davis may win it now." The Bristol boy here received a great deal of applause, from various parts of the ring.

14. The right hand of Davis was very dangerous, and he now nobbed Turner staggering away; but the latter, game-cock like, returned to the attack, and sent Davis down.

15. In this round, Turner beat Davis to a complete stand-still. "What's o'clock, now?" cries Cribb: "it's all up, I believe."

16 to 19. Turner stopped, with great skill, most of Davis's blows; but Turner received a dreadful hit over his right eye, that made him almost go down from its severity. The claret flowed again; but Turner, not dismayed, followed his opponent, who again got down in the quickest manner he could, seemingly to escape hitting.

20. In this round Turner got him in a corner; when Randall said, "Ned, do as I do; keep that in your eye, my boy, and you'll soon fetch him out." Davis turned aside from the severity of the hitting and went down.

21 to 22. This was a singular round, from the following circumstance:—Belcher stooped down and picked up a piece of paper, and put it in Davis's left hand, for him to keep it close. Turner thought it was a stone, and said, if that was the way he was to be used, he would not fight. Randall rushed in to see what it was, anxious to do his duty as a second, and almost tore the paper out of Belcher's hand, who had now got hold of it, openly showing it, that nothing unfair was meant, and that it had been used merely for the purpose described. Some words ensued. The umpires inquired the cause of this disturbance. Belcher explained. It caused some little agitation round the ring, many of the amateurs thinking it was a Bank-note, and that a wager had been proposed, and that staking was attempted, as a sort of *ruse de guerre*, in order to give Davis time. The umpires appeared quite satisfied that nothing "unfair" had been attempted. This was a sharp, well-fought, short round, and both the men went down. Davis had now retrieved his character, in a great degree, with the spectators, who asserted, that when he was at work he did not mind it, but it appeared that he did not like to begin to hit.

23 to 26. Some good rounds, and Davis fighting better than he had done; but in the latter, he received a body hit that made quite a dent upon his frame. Turner, in closing, slung him also round like a cat. This wisty-castor on the body occasioned a complete revolution in the guttery. The great and little ones were all shoved together higgledy-piggledy; and "bellows to mend" was the true feature. Twenty doses of salts could not have occasioned such a row in the tripe market.

27. Turner put in a dreadful blow under the ear of Davis, or rather at the back part of his head. It occasioned a large gash, as if cut with a knife, that not only stupified him, but the claret flowed profusely, and he went down in a piteous state.

28 and 29. Good rounds and sharp hitting. Davis determined to let the amateurs see that he could fight a bit. Both the ogles of Davis had now been measured for a suit of mourning; and, on his forehead, he had got a lump like an egg. It was evident that, after all, he did not want for bottom in regard to taking, when it came to this point.

30. Davis, it was asserted, fell without a blow; and Turner fell heavily upon him by way of recompense.

31. This round might be termed the finisher. Davis was so stupid that he stood quite still, while Turner fibbed, and hit him down. He could not lift up his hands. Nature had quite deserted him—his eyes had lost their fire, and he was now viewed by the amateurs more as an object of pity, than subject to any ill-natured remarks.

32 and last. It is true, he made his appearance at the scratch; but he turned away from the blow, and fell down. The contest was over in 45 minutes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the New-York Clipper.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST:
OR,
Equestrianism among the Indians.

BY CHANYLOT.

Within the last half-century, the white inhabitants West of the Alleghenies, more especially those of Kentucky, have become celebrated throughout the world for their numerous exploits among the ferocious monsters of the forest. Indeed, their fame in this respect has reached such a pitch that the mere mention of one who has been bred and brought up in the West serves to bring before the mind's eye of many, bears, wolves, catamounts, and every other species of beast that ever dwelt without the bounds of civilization.

We often read of the wonderful achievements of the whites in that region, and hear their courage and coolness, in cases of the most imminent danger, extolled in the highest terms; yet it is but seldom we see recorded the prowess of those natives of the wilds, the Indians, who are equally as brave, cool, determined, and hardy, as their better-informed and more intellectual white brethren. Far be it from our intention to deteriorate, one iota, the celebrity which the "Leather-stockings," the Boones, Davises, Kentons, Clarks and Lewises of our country have acquired. On the contrary, we take pride in seeing their names handed down to posterity, and defy any other portion of the world to produce their equals in point of courage, strength, activity and ingenuity. We have merely mentioned the above by way of preface to something rather out of the usual routine of such yarns, which we now intend to record, it being neither a bear, nor a wolf, nor a panther story.

Our readers will recollect—if not, we refer them to McKenzie's Life among the Indians—that a number of years since, several of the tribes residing in the West assembled on Lake Winnebago, near what is now the flourishing village of Fond-du-Lac, in Wisconsin, for the purpose of treating and "holding a talk" with the United States Commissioners of Indian Affairs, at the head of which body, if our memory serves us, was the now eminent General Cass.

In this, as in almost every other large assemblage of persons, be they either white, red or black, the spirit of emulation ran high, and each aspirant endeavored to excel his opponents in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, jumping, throwing a stone, riding, etc., etc.

Among the equestrians were two who were so admirably perfect in the exercise, and so equally matched, that it was impossible for the judges or umpires to decide as to which of them the honor of the championship should be awarded.

One was a large, muscular, and remarkably handsome young chief of the Sac tribe, who, although he would not have hesitated to weaponlessly grasp, single-handed, a grizzly bear, would have done no discredit to the most refined and elegant parlor or ball-room. Every glance from his jet-black and brilliant eye betokened intellect of a superior order, and every movement and gesture was fraught with ease and grace. His riding was of such a superb and highly-finished nature that it would have been no disgrace to our justly popular Levi J. North to have adopted him for a tutor. When seated upon his elegant steed, he almost seemed as though he were a part and parcel thereof, instead of being a distinct and separate body. At one moment you would behold him, like a fixture, on the back—then he would, apparently, be welded to the side—and anon he would be beneath, and, for an instant, wholly obscured by the body of the noble animal which bore him with the swiftness of the wind.

The rival of the Sac was equally dexterous in every feat of equestrianism, but in person he was totally the reverse, being a small, fox-visaged little fellow, whose bones appeared as though they had become tired of hiding beneath the skin, and were on the point of coming out. This attenuated being belonged to the Snake tribe, and, notwithstanding his meagreness in person, was great in spirit. While his horse was dashing along at full speed, he threw his rifle upon the ground, and, making a short circuit, picked it up and fired it in the air, without losing his seat upon the animal.

The Sac performed the same feat, with the addition of re-loading and firing his rifle from between the fore legs of his steed while going at the top of its locomotive powers.

This wonderful and hitherto unparalleled performance was likewise accomplished by the little Snake, who, as another challenge for the skill of his opponent, came out from between the fore legs and ascended to the back of the horse, and afterwards passed clear round its body, without in the least checking the remarkable velocity of the animal's progress.

Thus these red sons of the forest continued to perform what would be considered marvelous wonders by white men; and at the going down of the sun the umpires, being unable to decide between the merits of the two, gave in as their opinion what would be tantamount to a "dead beat" among the sporting fraternity of a race-course.

This verdict of the judges aroused all the fires of ambition within the breast of the little Snake, and he determined that another day should not draw to a close without his being acknowledged and proclaimed the champion of equestrianism.

The camp fires had burned low—sleep hovered around, and all had sunk into quietness, save an occasional howl from a hungry wolf prowling within the vicinity, and the answer of defiance from the dogs, with which an Indian camp ever abounds, and who are almost as wild, fierce and famished as their neighbors, the wolves, whom they much resemble, both in disposition and appearance.

That night sleep visited not the couch of the envious little Snake, and long before the Eastern horizon became silvered by the dawn of day, he had left the camp, and was wending his way through the woods, musingly endeavoring to hit upon some plan by which he could successfully vanquish his rival. Thus had he walked, pondering upon the events of the past and coming day, until he was many miles distant from the camp, the wind, meanwhile, blowing fiercely in his front, seemingly as if in the delight of whistling and reveling through and around his nearly garmentless limbs. But he gave no thought of cold or gust until suddenly aroused from his reverie by an object which met his vision in the distance.

Creeping softly and cautiously forward, he discovered a large male elk quietly reposing by the side of a fallen tree. The animal little dreamed of a foe being in the vicinity, having neither heard nor smelt the approach of the Indian, as the wind had been furiously blowing from it to him.

The small and cunning eyes of the Snake now glistened with delight, and the peculiar satisfaction depicted in every feature denoted that a new light had dawned upon his imagination, and that he was about to attain the acme of his desires.

With the light and stealthy step of a panther about to seize his prey, the Indian stole upon the elk, and suddenly making a tremendous leap, alighted on its back.

Thus rudely startled from its sleep, the elk sprang upon its feet and made several terrific bounds in the air, at the same time bleating and snorting with rage, in its vain endeavors to shake the intruder from its back; but the Snake was as firmly seated as though he had been lashed there by chains of steel.

Finding it impossible to free itself of its encumbrance, the buck tossed its huge antlers in the air, and sped away as though it were assisted in its fleetness by the swift-winged eagle.

Every muscle of its sinewy legs was brought into action, and it seemed to be vieing with the quick lightning of heaven for the mastery of speed. Rivulets, gullies and fallen trees were crossed—woods and thickets were threaded—anon its small, flinty hoofs resounded on the open plain—miles were left behind, yet its strength and bottom seemed untiring; its speed was unabated, and the elk and the Indian were apparently "one and inseparable."

Having amused himself to his heart's content with the freaks of the animal in its fruitless endeavors to dismount him, the Snake at length determined upon the novelty of riding the buck into camp. To effect this, he seized it by the horns, and drawing his only weapon, a knife, he pricked it on either side of the neck, and thus compelled it to go in whatever direction his fancy willed it.

The sleepy inhabitants of the camp were just beginning to shake off their drowsiness and bestir themselves, when the whole neighborhood was simultaneously thrown into confusion and consternation by the vociferous barkings of the savage dogs. Rushing, pell-mell, from their tents, the Indians and whites beheld, to their great amazement, the little Snake mounted upon his noble elk, and coming forward with a speed that would have left far in the distance the fleetest courser that e'er was backed.

Chase was instantly given, but the elk rushed on, and around and through the camp, unimpeded in his course, leaving behind men and dogs, who, although straining to come up, appeared but little better than motionless fixtures when compared with the velocity of the elk.

Some time was consumed in endeavoring to catch the nimble-footed animal, but it was all of no avail, for it still remained master of itself, so far as its speed was concerned. Finally, the Snake himself became somewhat tired of the sport, but, notwithstanding he was enabled, by the use of his knife, to guide the course of the buck, he was not gifted with the means of checking its flight.

At length, espying a stray lasso lying upon the ground, he, by dint of pricking with his knife, caused the animal to pass over it; and, as he did so, the Snake stooped and snatched it up with the same ease and dexterity that he had exhibited in picking up his rifle on the previous day while seated on his horse. It was but the work of an instant to fasten one end around the neck of the high-mettled creature, and then casting the noose over the branch of a tree with that precision with which an Indian only can throw a lasso, he brought the unfortunate animal to the ground. Hitherto, the fine and powerful buck had been untrammelled and uncontrolled, so far as regarded the use and freedom of its limbs; but it now lay powerless and panting beneath the feet of its late supple rider, whose features were now enrobed with the proud smile of triumph and delight.

Loud and repeated shouts from both the Indians and whites now resounded through the air, and, to the infinite satisfaction of the little Snake, he was proclaimed the Champion of Equestrianism.

THE MONSTER SCREW AND PADDLE STEAMER FOR THE EASTERN NAVIGATION COMPANY.—Active preparations are now in the course of progress at the yard of Messrs Scott Russell, at Milwall, for laying down the immense iron steamship for the Eastern Navigation Company, the peculiar construction of which is exciting vast interest among shipbuilders. In consequence of there not being sufficient length in the yard for her ways, it became necessary to add the adjoining yard of Messrs. Napier to Messrs Scott Russell's works and many hundred piles have been driven in preparatory to laying down the keel, which is to take place in the course of the present month. The dimensions will be nearly as follows:—Tonnage 10,000 tons, or, builders' measurement, 22,000 tons; extreme length, 700 feet; extreme breadth, 83 feet; depth of hold, 58 feet; with screw and paddle engines of the aggregate nominal horse power, 2,800 horse; stowage for coals, 10,000 tons; for cargo, 5,000 tons, 500 first class cabins, with ample space for troops and lower class passengers. Her entire construction will be similar to the tube of the Britania Bridge, a kind of double ship, with a space of 2 feet 9 inches between of a cellular formation. She is to have 14 water tight compartments, most of them 40 feet apart. With these, it is said, she will carry out sufficient fuel for a voyage to Calcutta or Australia, and back to England, and avoid the delay of lengthened stoppages and coaling which other steamships are subject to. The ship is designed by Mr. Brunel, the Great Western Railway Company's engineer, and who, it will be remembered, designed the Great Britain. It is expected by that gentleman that she will accomplish the voyage between England and India, by the cape, in 30 or 33 days' less time than the distance is at present done by sea-going steamers. She is to be completed in 18 months.—*Shipping Gazette.*

THE VIRGINIAN HORNED OWL.—This specious of Owl, according to Macgregor's account of America, is found in almost every quarter of the United States, and occurs in all parts of the fur countries where the timber is of large size. Its loud and full nocturnal cry, issuing from the gloomy recesses of the forest, bears some resemblance to the human voice, uttered in a hollow, sepulchral tone, and has been frequently productive of alarm to the traveller, of which an instance occured within my own knowledge. A party of Scottish Highlanders, in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, happened, in a winter journey, to encamp after nightfall in a dense clump of trees, whose dark tops and lofty stems, the growth of centuries, gave a solemnity to the scene that strongly tended to excite the superstitious feelings of the Highlanders. The effect was heightened by the discovery of a tomb, which, with a natural taste often exhibited by the Indians, had been placed in this secluded spot. Our travellers, having finished their supper, were trimming their fire preparatory to retiring to rest, when the slow and dismal notes of the horned owl fell on the ear with a startling nearness. None of them being acquainted with the sound, they at once concluded that it was so unearthly a voice it must be the moaning of the spirit of the departed, whose repose they supposed they had disturbed by inadvertently making a fire of some of the wood of which his tomb had been constructed. They passed a tedious night of fear, and with the first dawn of day hastily quitted the ill-omened spot.

THE STAG OUT OF HIS ELEMENT.—Not long since the attention of the inhabitants of Ischenor was attracted by the appearance of a stag on the opposite shore of the river, which, after taking a survey of this arm of the sea, without ceremony took soil and swam across a distance of about six hundred yards; he then majestically crossed the park, and made his lair in an adjoining covert.—The keen sportsmen of the united parishes in the neighborhood, had speedy information of this unexpected visitant, and the harriers were collected with speed, and laid on his slot. The animal was soon roused, and broke cover in the most gallant style, and, during a chase of two hours, topped every fence in his way, showed capital sport, when, being pressed by his staunch pursuers, he once more attempted to cross the river at West Wittering, but the tide being ebbed, he got embayed in mud, from which he was extricated unhurt.

REPORT OF THE FIGHT
BETWEEN
GEORGE KENSETT
AND
NED HAMMOND,
FOR $300 A SIDE.—DECEMBER 7TH, 1826.

At the solicitation of a large number of our readers we below give a report of the fight between George Kensett and Ned Hammond which took place on the 7th of December, 1826. We are indebted to a friend, who kindly loaned us a little pamphlet containing an account of the battle. It appears to be a report gotten up by a friend of one of the parties. However,we give word for word, that our readers may see how such things were done in former days:

In giving the history of a contest or combat between two men, I am aware of the risk I run of offending the feelings of many a canting, whining swindler and fastidious hypocrite, who will shake the head of disapprobation at the name of a fight, and fleece you at the same instant. I know I shall commit great violence upon these shadows of morality, who so much infest the world, who have the impudence to hold themselves up as our judges and superiors, entitling themselves to great respect—constantly assuming a solemn gravity before the world, to cover their own ignorance or crafty designs; who condemn in others, what they practice without scruple. To such, the following remarks are not directed; my whole object is, to disclose plain facts, undisguised, and being unconnected or influenced by either of the combatants—I shall endeavor to give a candid and disinterested description of the whole affair. I am compelled to make one sweeping observation, viz: That many persons upon this occasion violated every principle of justice and moderation—the result of the contest, or rather the scandalous and unsatisfactory decision given by careless or interested umpires, will remain a stain upon the character of those who meanly or tamely acquiesced in so gross and palpable an imposition. In this strange farce we find Patrick Burns, an umpire, triumphantly giving the victory to his countryman, when he was unable to rise from his second's knee, or approach the scratch, while Kensett was perfectly fresh and unhurt; these proceedings were all a perfect burlesque—then to witness Fulier, giving up Sutton's stakes of $100, in such a hurry; he must have been stultified. It looks like a compound system of juggling throughout, as the description of the fight will more clearly point out. In order to enlist the feelings of the ignorant in the favor of Hammond, this party fabricated and gave circulation to a falsehood, which hundreds can contradict; they pretended that Kensett forced Hammond into this contest, when it is well known that Hammond challenged Kensett twice publicly, and even had the daring at the same time to include any man in America, within a few pounds of his own weight. There is now no fear of a recurrence of such empty blustering, as Hammond is well convinced by the helpless situation to which he was reduced, in the late fight, that he has no chance with such a customer, except by foul play, or the same precious umpires. I speak in strict justice to Hammond, that he entered the ring with as much confidence as Kensett, but soon discovered his inferiority in the sharp conflict; he often had recourse to a deliberate method of falling on Kensett's body, with his hip; which although observed by the umpires, and known to be unfair, yet it was passed by unnoticed; after these few introductory remarks, I shall proceed to describe the particulars.

A match was made between Kensett and Hammond, to have a fair stand-up fight for five hundred dollars aside, and the 7th day of December was fixed upon for the struggle, within fifty miles of the city of New York, in a twenty-four foot ring; half minute time—one thousand dollars were entrusted with Mr Sweeney, to place in the hands of P. G. Hart, as the stakeholder; a short time previous to the day of meeting, there was a verbal agreement between the contending parties, to carry the spectators to the scene of action, at the same price; but the object of the Hammondites was to fill their vessel with friends, at any rate, nor were they particular about their customers, so long as they were partizans; and were acquainted with the countersign, or signal. It's true, some persons of respectability found their way on board, by mistake, nor did they discover their error until they found themselves surrounded by the rabble; on reaching the place of destination, and the umpires were about to be appointed, Englishmen were objected to, but they fully approved of Patrick Burns, who had bets pending in favor of Hammond, and which according to the laws of fighting amounts to a disqualification, and his acceptance of the office, under these glaring circumstances, and what followed, will naturally suggest in the minds of fair men something highly unfavorable, and which cannot easily be removed. A gentleman, although a novice, was chosen to act with Burns, under the superintendence of Fuller, who promised his advice and instruction; he declined being a principal, in consequence of being attacked for being a pugilist, but all that we know upon this head is, that he suffered a critical question to be decided in ignorance, in direct opposition to his own judgment, upon which thousands of dollars, and other very material and important points depended. This mysterious business will require more explanation than has yet been given. The referee was smuggled away by artifice, of which fact Kensett and his friends were totally ignorant. Various attempts were made to create confusion in favor of Hammond, and the ring was broken in for this purpose; even Mr. Fuller expressed his astonishment and indignation at such an outrage, and publicly declared that everything on the part of Kensett was fair and honorable; and in a few minutes after, to the amazement of every gentleman on the ground, unjustly gave up the one hundred dollars of Sutton's money, without any hesitation, and while under a full conviction himself, at the moment that the umpires decided in error. The public wish to learn from Mr. Fuller, what motive influenced him on this occasion; whether it was a pusillanimous fear, or did he court the favor and patronage of the Irish. I proceed to Peter G. Hart, the stakeholder, who was notified not to give up Kensett's money; but he justifies himself in so doing, by stating that he gave it back to the person of whom he received it, without waiting for, or receiving any instruction from the umpires; and Sweeney without any hesitation gave the same up to Hammond, although otherwise instructed. Sweeney gave his word of honor to hold back the stakes until the dispute was decided.

THE BATTLE.

First round. Both men when stripped looked in the best possible condition, each second betted on his man, and being brought to the scratch and giving the usual shake of the hand, both retreated a little and the fight commenced. Hammond struck right and left, which took no effect; Kensett very cool and mischievous in his hitting. Hammond got the fall.

2. In this round Hammond gave Kensett a good blow on the side, which caused Kensett to throw several good hits away; Hammond fighting with courage and resolution. Kensett made some fine counter hits—stops, and returned with the rapidity of lightning, leaving visible marks of a finished workman---in a close Kensett weaving in great style---both fell on their sides---Hammond rolled over upon Kensett.

3. Both men blowing a little---Kensett took the lead, Hammond fighting bravely---though he was bleeding very profusely---a slight tincture of claret from the bottom of Kensett's left ear---Kensett gave Hammond a flush hit in the face as he was rushing in, which sent him a great distance, and dropped him as if shot from a rifle---the blow was heard all round the ring---this evidently secured the fight to Kensett---who nodded his head at him and smiled, implying that Hammond must be a good man if he could win the fight after that.

4. Hammond appeared very much distressed---piping. Kensett had recovered his first wind---Kensett continued to give two blows to his one, all telling upon poor Hammond's day lights ---in a close, Kensett again heavily weaving, both down, Hammond uppermost.

5. Hammond appeared at the scratch very groggy---in this round Hammond took a great deal, and gave but little, it was all Wall street to a bushel of murphies in favor of Kensett---in closing both fell upon their sides.

6. Kensett looked fresh, cool and steady—the fire of Hammond's courage was gone—his head in Chancery—his window shutters were up—his face and body drenched in claret, he was a most piteous object—Kensett gave him five blows without one being returned—Hammond tried to grip him—Kensett fell from between his arms exhausted from the force of his own hitting---and Hammond fell upon him. At this point of the battle a bull jumped into the ring, vociferating that Hammond had won the fight---at the same time throwing up his hat as the signal for victory. The seconds quickly expelled this fellow.

7. With great difficulty Hammond was raised from his bottle-holder's knee, and while the second was fruitlessly attempting to bring him to the scratch---Sandford, the bottle-holder of Hammond ---run eagerly to Burns, the umpire on the other side---*saying*, dont you think Kensett fell without a blow in the last round? At this hint---Burns instantly jumps up and exclaims---By Jasus he did!---then putting up both his arms—which evidently appears to have been a previously concerted signal for breaking into the ring;—you therefore perceive, that at the time they were perfectly convinced that their man was completely beaten they then had recourse to stratagem. When they discovered Hammond was beat, the whole motley group forced themselves into and about the ring, with the greatest violence—they set up a yell equal to the most savage tribe of Indians---bearing Hammond away from the ground, calling him victor, and this outrageous turbulence was continued into the very streets of New York.

They created *a wrangle* respecting Kensett's falling, after finishing a long rally, although Hammond fell flat at the same time—which removed all quibbles about its being foul. A fair stand-up fight signifies that a man is not to strike and then drop wilfully---but where two men close, then either may get out of the clutches of the other in the best way he finds a chance; but is not compelled to allow the other to fall upon him when he can in any way avoid it; under such circumstances, and every rule of fighting (in the London ring) the man who keeps his post longest wins the battle; of course leaving the ring before the dispute is settled---loses it.

Kensett offered to put up $1,000 against the $1,000 stake money which had been fought for, and fight Hammond at any time he chose, but to this the opposite party would not agree.

Late English Sporting News.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

[*From Bell's Life in London, March* 19.]

APRIL 19. Paddy Gill and McNulty—£100 a side, London.

APRIL 25. Bill Barry and Hawkes of Birmingham—£100 a side, London.

MAY 2.—Cook of Bayswater and Nick Hannigan, £25 aside, London.

MAY 2.—Baker and Norton, £15 a-side, London.

MAY 10.—Crockett and Collins—£25 aside, London.

MAY 23. Johnny Walker and Billy Hayes---£100 a side London.

JUNE 6. Jones and Donnelly—the former staking £225 to £200.

The Ring.

JONES AND DONNELLY.—As our readers are aware, these men staked £5 aside last week, to fight for £100 aside, in 12 weeks. We stated in our last that they were to meet on Tuesday last, at Burn's, to draw articles. It appears, however, that Monday was the day agreed upon, and that Donnelly, finding that Jones was not present on that day, claimed and received forfeit. On the next evening Jones, who had taken his cue from the paper, went to stake his money, when he learned that Donnelly had obtained the forfeit. He was naturally indignant at this, and left the house. On Wednesday, however, he and Donnelly again met at Jem Burn's, where, after much chaffing, a fresh match was made, Jones agreeing to fight Donnelly for £225 to £200, on the 7th of June, being the Wednesday in the week between Epsom and Ascot. £5 aside was staked, and they are to meet at Dan Dismor's, King's Arms, Smart's buildings, on Wednesday next, and draw articles. Owen Swift is to be referee, if present, and, if he is absent a referee is to be chosen on the ground.

Jones of Portsmouth has called on us to say, he considers that Burn ought to refund the £5 he gave to Donnelly as a forfeit last Monday night, and that unless he stands that sum with him in the new match he will not go on with it. He complains grievously of Donnelly having received the forfeit. It was certainly sharp practice if Jones was led astray by the statement in our paper that Tuesday was the day of meeting, but both Donnelly and Burn assure us that Jones knew as well as they did that Monday was the day—that he signed the agreement, and ought to abide by that and that alone, as any statement in a newspaper cannot be permitted to overrule a settled agreement.

ALF WALKER AND SPIDER.—The ninth deposit of £5 aside for this match was made at Harry Brunton's, Bell, Red Lion-market, on Tuesday last. The 10th of £20 a side is to be posted at Alf Walker's, Duke of Argyle, Laystall-street, on Tuesday next.

JOHNNY WALKER AND HAYES.—Another deposit, of £10 aside, for this match is to be made on Wednesday next, at Dan Dismore's, King's Arms, Smart's buildings, Holborn.

PEDESTRIANISM.

The American Deer.

HIS DEFEAT BY PUDNEY IN A 10 MILE RACE.

Bell's Life of March 19 says:—These well-known pedestrians met on Monday last at Westhill Park, Halifax, to run their 10 miles match, for £25 aside, (Pudney also staking £10 against the belt then held by Jackson.) The muster on the ground was very large, and the match, from the celebrity of the competitors, excited considerable interest. The odds at starting were 2 to 1 on Pudney. On leaving the scratch the men went off at a sharp pace, Jackson making the running, while Pudney in a greyhound form kept well in his track, and ere they had proceeded far breasted his opponent, in which position they ran together till coming round for the second time, when Jackson making one of his tremendous rushes, left a goodly gap between them. Pudney, however, in no wise daunted, perseveringly rattled after his opponent, and in the seventh round left Jackson *en arriere*, and though an occasional alternation of precedence took place, yet Pudney, when nearing the goal, put on the steam at "high pressure condensation," and defeated the once celebrated "Deer" by at least a dozen yards. By this defeat Jackson has lost the "Copenhagen Belt," Pudney in a bet having staked £10 against it.

Novel Pedestrian Feat.

At Aston Cross Grounds, near Birmingham, to morrow (Monday,) G. Shaw, of London, will undertake, for £10, to walk one mile, run one mile, run a coach wheel one mile, hop 100 yards on one leg, leap 20 steeple chase hurdles placed 100 yards apart, pick up 30 eggs, placed one yard apart, with his mouth, pick up 40 stones placed one yard apart, and throw 20 56lb weights over his head with one hand. The whole to be done in one hour, commencing at three o'clock.—*Bell, March* 19.

George Seward and a Horse.

G. Seward is matched to run a horse belonging to the American Equestrian Company, Fountain street, Manchester, 150 yards, and leap six hurdles, the best of three heats, for £20, to-morrow, (Monday,) at three o'clock, at Mr. Attenbury's, Borough Race Ground, Salford, Manchester.—*Bell's Life, March* 19.

WRESTLING.

The Oldest Sport on Record.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

THIRD DAY.—The wrestling on Wednesday was renewed with great animation. A great number of the very best wrestlers in London, who showed great unwillingness to come forward on the preceding day, were obliged make themselves standards, or relinquish their chance for the prizes altogether; in consequence of which the sports were of the best description. The play was principally confined to the Devonshiremen; only one Cornish wrestler was present, (Saunders, of the Coldstream Regiment of Guards,) and he quickly made himself a standard by throwing two men. Twelve double players were made. Abraham Cann closed the play by throwing one man. Among the double players were the following names: James Cann, Saunders, Copp, Middleton, Thorne, Pyle, Finney, Clarke, and others.

FOURTH DAY.—The match terminated on Thursday, in the presence of an immense number of the patrons of this manly sport. The following matches were the most worthy of notice:

Middleton and Saunders.—This match was well contested throughout; Middleton did his best to win, but fortune favored his rival, and he was reluctantly compelled to rest his back on his mother earth.

James Cann and Bell.—The name of the former was no sooner announced than the winner was named; Bell was on his back in less than a second.

Jennings and Finney.—This bout lasted upwards of half an hour, and several falls were given, but none of them fair back ones. The last fall was disputed, amidst loud cries of "Foul," "Fair," &c. The umpires were referred to, but they differed in opinion, and the referee, on being appealed to, decided in favor of Finney.

A dispute arose among the respective partizans of the men as to the decision. Uncle Ben, who had sported his blunt on Jennings, offered to bet a thousand pounds that it was not a fair fall; and Ned O'Neal, who had bet on Finney, was equally certain that it was. After a very long wrangle the men were taken from the ring.

Thorne and Knight.—This match was like a donkey's gallop, short and sweet, and decided in favor of the former.

Saunders and James Cann.—This was decidedly the best bout throughout the whole three days' play. In the opinion of the best judges it was impossible the men could be more fairly matched, and the bets were accordingly even. Each tried to gain his favorite hold, and when they closed the display of science and strength exhibited by each in the struggle for the fall elicited applause from all parts of the ring. Saunders avoided a fair back-fall for upwards of half an hour; but his opponent proved too much for him, and he was compelled to yield.

Abraham Cann (the Devonshire Champion) and Copp.—The latter is acknowledged to be an out-and-out good one, but it was evident he stood no chance with the Champion; he however displayed considerable science, and proved himself to be no easy customer. He fell defeated, but not dishonored.

Abraham Cann and Thorne.—In this, as in the former bout, the result was obvious, and Thorne was soon laid on his back.

The umpires then decided Abraham Cann entitled to the first prize, £12; James Cann to the second, £10.

Finney and Thorne being the last two thrown, contended for the last two prizes, when, after a slight struggle, the latter was thrown.

Finney was declared entitled to the third prize, £5.

Thorne to the last, £3.

The sports were conducted throughout with the greatest regularity, and afforded a fine treat to the company assembled.

At Leeds, in April, 1828, several days' "good play" took place, but we have selected the double play for the amusement of our readers, as several first-rate names appear in the various trials of skill:

Bolt and Burnet had a very severe turn; the latter was thrown. Clarke and Wreford—the former gave up the point. Robert Stone and Bell, two good little ones, played a pretty turn; the latter was thrown. James Cann and Pook—the latter was thrown. On Abraham Cann and Finney mounting the stage, great expectations were raised of its being likely to be a good display of science. They were not hitched above five minutes, when Finney gave Cann an excellent foil, and had it not been overdone, the point at issue between them would have been decided. The men again set to, when Finney was decidedly thrown in about ten minutes. Joe Butler (Bull-calf) and James Stone were then called, and Butler was thrown after about twenty minutes' good play. Roach and Cahir—the latter gave his back. Jordan and Webber, the last of whom also gave his back. King and Pyle, a well-matched pair, who played an excellent bout, which was terminated by King being thrown. This ended the double play.

The triple play commenced with Jas. Cann and James Stone; the latter quickly picked up the former, and threw him a complete somerset, heels over head. Abraham Cann and Wreford then set to, when the latter was thrown. Pyle was absent, and Bolt was given the fall. Roach was thrown by Jordan.

The quadruple play commenced with Bolt and Robert Stone, when the latter was thrown. Abraham Cann and Jordan tossed for who should have the fall, when Jordan lost.

The quintuple play was between Bolt and James Stone; the latter took the former up in his arms, as he had before done with James Cann, and flung his heels over his head.

There now only remained to contend for the first and second prizes Abraham Cann and James Stone, and such were the exertions of both, that a vast number of bets were laid on the result, the odds being in favor of Cann. Every eye was fixed upon their movements, and Stone's strength and dexterity drew forth thunders of applause. He was, however, finally thrown, after upwards of an hour's struggle. This concluded the play and the daylight, and the prizes were awarded as follows:

A. Cann, the first, of £30.
James Stone, the second, of £20.
Bolt, the third, of £15.
Jordan, the fourth, of £10.
Robert Stone, the fifth, of £7.
Roach, the sixth, of £5.

The sports were terminated with the greatest good humor among all parties. Not a blow took place, nor even an angry or improper word was uttered during the whole of the time.

In Devonshire, early in June, 1828, the wrestling match in St. Thomas's, adjoining Exeter, commenced, at which, Woolaway, Wreford, Simon, Webber, Huxtable, Jackmau, and Flower, from the North; the Underdowns, Freys, &c., from the East, were particularly noticed. The champion, attended by his brother James, Roach, &c., was on the ground, but not playable; he was hobbing under all the acute sensations of gout. Persons entertaining suspicion that this was assumed, Abraham, with great *naivete*, produced his swollen and burning foot, convincing the most sceptical of the painful reality. His success as a wrestler is without parallel; all, however, must regret that a brave and modest man, who has so long upheld the character of his native county in this way, has not reaped that solid reward to which his prowess entitled him, and that the future has cold, cheerless scant in the prospect. James Cann kept himself in reserve for his match in the metropolis, with Gaffney. During the second day, John Webber, of Exeter, and Holmes, literally "a couple of chickens," presented themselves. The former, an apprentice to a baker, and scarcely eighteen years of age, had figured at our juvenile matches for some time, and acquired such celebrity as to be dubbed "The Champion," a title he appears well to merit. He is of short stature, but strongly limbed, and well-made, and came everything so completely *a la* Cann, that a delighted ring testified ther appprobation by loud and continued plaudits; indeed, if he but uses time to come, as he appears to have done that which is past, the day is not distant when he will compete with the first wrestlers in Devon; he is at present the best copy of a master in the art, of whom it seems we must take leave, that has appeared. At the end of four minutes, Webber gathered his man up in Abraham's best style, and laid him flat as a pancake on mother earth. He was called for at the booths, and received an instant and well-merited reward for his exertions. On the third day Webber again entered the ring with George Clarke, of St. Thomas, amidst loud cheers. Clarke is also a stripling, but with advantage in point of age. It was an excellent match, and the baker, to the fullest extent, supported his previous character; he came it again after Abraham's fashion, and the look with the left seemed his favorite; this he essayed again and again, but wanted a little more weight to bring him over; nothing daunted by failure, he persevered, and at the end of thirty minutes, locking himself firmly with the left inner, his opponent gave way before the extraordinary force applied, and was brought over in the finest style, loud shouts testifying the approbation of the spectators.

The final round brought Woolaway and Wreford together; this was a treat worth riding 100 miles to witness; they are both well known, and the odds were in favor of Woolaway at setting to; the foils, however, changed the aspect of affairs, and in eighteen minutes Wreford laid his powerful opponent on his back in the very first style.

The prizes were awarded as follows:
Wreford, first prize, £12.
Woolaway, second, £8.
Robert Underdown, third, £5.
Archer, fourth, £3.
Bradford, fifth, £2.
Westlake, sixth, £1 10s.

The match closed at a quarter to eight o'clock.

There was some excellent play at Paington, a few days subsequent to the above match. The crack turn of the match was between Archer and Hyne. Archer is a youth of extraordinary promise, and possesses great good nature; Hyne's qualities every frequenter of the ring is acquainted with. They are both severe punishers, and played in the most masterly manner; it was a succession of falls for one hour and forty minutes, when a wish being expressed that they should decide the matter by a toss, it was complied with, and Archer won. Ghaff had the first prize, of £8; Archer the second, of £4; Pook the third, of £2; besides which, each standard had 5s., and the first 10s. in addition.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AQUATICS.

BY FLINTS.

BOAT SAILS, &c.—No 2.

A back-flaw in Maul's Horizontals—Sell'on the Franklin Institute, &c. &c.

DEAR CLIP.—Not many *years* ago, we won a race, by hanging *two fifty sizes*, on the outer end of the boom which (as we were beating up through a heavy head sea)had the effect of keeping that spar from lifting, and made the sail set *flat*, making a difference of nearly *two points* in our "weather" work. We have proved this fact practically. We will now endeavor to do so in theory. It is pretty well known how a boat acquires her impetus through her sails; lest, however, it should not be understood by some, especially those that talk *Horse!* we will explain. The question has been repeatedly asked us by the verdant, how it is that a boat may be "propelled" not only against the tide, but against the motive power itself,the *wind*. It is not the force of the air *in* the sails, as a great many suppose, that drives the hull, but it is the wind *leaving* the canvass that produces the power. A boat therefore going near and by, the current of air first strikes the luff of the sail, and then passes out the leach, and the quicker it is in and *out* of the canvass, the more speed is obtained. Hence it becomes positively necessary to have a sail *flat* in order to come near the wind, or acquire any great amount of speed. We cordially invite the "Jersey man" to take up his *text* and prove his "points," we promise to listen to him attentively. 'Tis said we are never too *old* to learn. The bolt rope on the leach of a sail, should be well stretched, light and pliable, and roped slack. On the luff or hoist, reversed; there are but few sail-makers that know how to rope a sail properly. Messrs Smith, Carter & Co, though all of them young men, are about the only sail-makers in Philadelphia that understand their business thoroughly, notwithstanding some *old bits of canvass* shake in the wind to the contrary. They make all the yacht's sails here away, because they are up with the age! It takes a "fast" man to make sails *fast* for a fast boat. They are great fellows to *palm* their work off on you as something *nice*. Briefly, Smith, Carter & Co. are *the* men, if you like to deal with gentlemen, and want your sails to set "flat." The "Jerseyman," however, is too great a *flat* to visit their loft, preferring to be *Mauled*. Wonder how he likes the *horizontals*.

We are glad to see our sporting brethern are at last beginning to adopt stout heavy canvass in place of the light flimsy truck, that spills the wind through it like a sieve. The stouter the canvass, the less sail is required to obtain the same amount of speed; besides the sail will not stretch and bag with every puff that jumps into it, but will hold its shape, and stand longer when *near* the wind. Another advantage in thick canvass, is, it does away with an immense amount of spar, which extra wood is a great detriment to a boat's speed; *reefing* tells the tale.—James Maul, Esq, of our city, has been trying hard to introduce his new-fangled "horizontals" amongst the yachtmen, his efforts, however, have proved unavailing, the *fast boys* are not so easily sewed up in a *cross grained bag*, they are used to "traveling" on a perpendicular, and therefore prefer Messrs S. C. & Co's verticals. The "cross seam" will do very well for a ship's topsail, or when worked up into *very* heavy canvass, but when reduced to a yacht's sails (unless it be for a mammoth like Com. Stephens's *little skiff*, the Maria,) it will not answer. The fact is, it soon stretches, and loses its shape. A suit of sails made on the "horizontal" principal, will not retain its natural shape *two weeks*. What says the "Jerseyman?" he has *tried* them; and what says the invincible FISH, of York, the man that has won an hundred races, and lost but *one*; he ought to know. While upon this subject, we will relate an anecdote in reference to the "horizontals:" During the annual exhibition of the Franklin Institute in 1852, Mr. M. deposited a model cross seam topsail, splendidly executed and finished. The committee on *fine arts* after a great deal of mental labor and physical sweat, procured a conspicuous place for said topsail. And Mr. M.'s heart was made glad, by the success of the *scientific* gentlemen's efforts. The *independent press* teemed with praises on the model topsail and dilated largely on the 200 gold, silver, and *leather* "keep sakes" its wonderful designer had in his possession, &c., &c. Letters patent, testimonials, and newspaper *puffs* (enough to *blow* the canvass from the bolt ropes) were ingeniously tacked on to the "cross-seamed dimity," and it was pretty generally *understood* that Mr. M. would get a *medal*; but there is nothing certain in life. Just before the *judges*, or rather committee on awards, went on their scientific tour to sit in "judgment" on the merits and demerits of the *things*, some wag, pretty generally suspected to be the "Old One," placed an *horizontal awning* (not unlike a topsail) deposited by Singer's *sewing machine*, in front of Mr. M's elegant "topsail," completely eclipsing it. The "Scientific gents" examined and criticised the *awning*, with proper severity, in keeping with their learned and dignified office, and supposing it to be "all right" as per *instructions*, awarded the *awning a medal*. It is useless for us to enlarge on this already enormous hoax. Suffice it Mr. M. was *non-suited*,and appealed from *judgment*, and lo and behold, when the committee's report was *published*, the "model topsail," had a prize. The fact was Mr. M. threatened to *horizontalise* the commitee to some purpose by exposing their want of *discrimination*, and the "secret" was worth a *gold medal*. That committee was a *soon* set of men.—"Werry."

Yours, Truly, FLINTS.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

APRIL 15, 1854.

HARRISON TRENT, Proprietor.
FRANK QUEEN, Editor.

OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS

ROSS & JONES, 21 Ann Street.
PRICE & WINANS, 35 Ann Street.
MIKE MADDEN, 47 Ann Street.
ABBE & YATES, 20 Ann Street,

Notice.

☞ Persons wishing to subscribe to the Clipper, will please send direct to our office, No. 150 Fulton street.

☞ OUR PHILADELPHIA AGENT, Mr. W. Winch, 116 Chesnut street, will supply newspaper dealers in Philadelphia with the Clipper at our regular wholesale rates.

Persons at a distance wishing to subscribe for the Clipper can do so on the following terms:
Eight months,.....One dollar.
One year,.....One dollar fifty cts.
Sixteen months,.....Two dollars.
Clubs of four, one year.....Five dollars.

All orders should be addressed to HARRISON TRENT, proprietor of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, No. 150 Fulton street.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. A. D.—This correspondent wishes to set type—he is but 18 years of age, and is willing to pay a bonus of $5 to any one who will procure him a situation. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to put him on the right track. If so, a line left with us will be attended to. If H. A. D., however, would take our advice, he would give up the idea of learning to set type. We have been through the "mill," and speak from experience. It is impossible to convey a correct idea of a "life among the printers." We can only say a compositor's life is that of slavery in its worst form. In all sincerity we would advise our correspondent to keep out of the printing business.

Excelsior.—"How many battles has Bill Hayes fought? 2, Was he ever defeated, and by whom? 3. How many times has the Spider fought. 4. Was he ever defeated?" 1. Hayes fought 10 battles. 2. He lost but one battle, (with Young Keene,) having gone down without a blow. 3. Eight. 4. He has never yet been defeated.

U. S.—"I have been told, on inquiring at several Sporting Houses that Parker and Gribben's fight is to take place about 60 miles below Philadelphia, near the river Delaware. Please inform me if such might be the fact?" It *might* be, but ——

D. R. Tilton, Philadelphia.—"A number of the fancy in this city are desirous of ascertaining if there is to be an excursion to leave New York on the occasion of the coming prize fight, and if so, the particulars." We do not know.

J. W. Foye, Manchester, N. H.—Impossible to supply all the back Nos. Will send you two copies, commencing the new vol. By sending to Wilmer & Smith's, corner of Liberty and Nassau streets, N. Y., you can procure the work you inquire for.

Johnny, Bordentown, N. J.—ALL FOURS.—"Where two players are within one each of being out, and the dealer turns up Jack, and his opponent shows the ace of trumps, who goes out?" The dealer, by turning up Jack, most certainly.

Flyaway.—"Can you inform me in what State the fight between Gribben and Parker is to take place? 2. Who are to be the seconds of Parker? 3. Who is training him?" 1. "The spot" is, as yet, in a *state* of uncertainty. 2 and 3. We don't know.

Reader.—Mr. White, late of the Melodeon, expects to open his new place of amusement in the Bowery, early in June, so we understand. 2. We do not know what are to be the terms of admission.

Old Top.—The pedestrian you refer to is about 20 years of age, is not a first-class runner, and beat his opponent in a half mile race a few months since. We know of no match between them now.

Watson.—The population of New York State according to the census of 1850, was 3,098,818. The population of Pennsylvania, at the same time was 2,314,857.

J. W. Errickson, Boston.—"Is Jemmy Trainor matched to fight Boyle, of your city?" He *was* matched to fight Boyle, but the latter paid forfeit.

W. W.—Alf Walker fought Hicks on the 30th of November, 1852, but darkness coming on, it was declared a draw. They fought 95 rounds, in 2 hours and 45 minutes.

A Friend, Philadelphia.—We are glad to hear of the success of your friend John Newbert, of No. 68 Passyunk Road, in the sale of such a large number of Clippers.

Cephus.—Jersey City.—Hayes and Madden fought *six hours and three minutes*—the longest fight on record.

L. W. T.—We believe an English Pedestrian, named Maxfield, run 20 miles in less than two hours.

Jack.—1. Yes, the last deposit is to be made on the 12th. 2. We do not know where they are to fight.

Young Amateur, Philadelphia.—We intend, in a short time, to commence the publication of the Life and Battles of Ben Caunt.

Dough-Boy, Baltimore.—George Kensett is yet living in this city, and considers himself as good as a dozen dead men.

Know Nothing.—Carnel, the Dey street murderer, is yet in prison, awaiting another trial.

C. N. G.—We do not know the quickest time ever made by Barlow in running a mile.

Tow-boat, Philadelphia.—We know nothing of the merits of the fire company you refer to.

J—— C——.—Your question is an advertisement, and can only receive attention as such.

A patron of the Clipper.—We are unable to supply the papers you inquire for.

Williamsburgh.—There has been no answer received, as yet, to Barlow's challenge.

Pistiana.—The price of the complete set of Boxiana offered for sale is $35.

Hi. Taylor.—The New York Riot took place on the 10th of May, 1849.

Course.—We believe Trustee trotted 20 miles in 50½ minutes.

Antiquary.—J. C. Calhoun died on the 31st of March 1850.

B. K.—EUCHRE.—It is a euchre, and you lose the bet.

C. O. P.—In 4 minutes and 28 seconds.

T. Y.—ALL FOURS.—A counts Jack, and B low.

Flints, Philad.—All right.

SPARRING.

Harry Gribben's Benefit.

The Sparring Exhibition for the benefit of Harry Gribben took place at Warren Hall on Friday evening last. The exhibition was well attended, the room, which is a very large one, being almost completely filled. In saying this, however, we might close our remarks concerning the exhibition, were it not that we design to call the attention of the sparring fraternity to a little matter that concerns them.

The announcement was made on the bills of Mr. Gribben that a stage would be erected in the room, on which the sparring would take place. *There was no stage*, however, and those *friends* of Mr. Gribben who "got up" the benefit gave, as an excuse, that the ceiling of the room was *too low* to admit of a stage being erected. A poor excuse, for, on the occasion of a benefit a week or two back, a stage *was* erected in that same room, and the sparring took place *on* that stage, to the satisfaction of the spectators. In the present instance, we think the *absence* of the stage was a matter of dollars and cents.

The exhibition was opened by two lads; these were followed by the Derry Youth and another, and during the sparring of the latter couple, a certain set of men who attend exhibitions, but never lend their aid, used insulting language to those sparring, and by their ill-natured remarks intimidated the sparrers, and caused much annoyance to the audience. After this set-to, it was a difficult matter to induce any one to put on the gloves, from a fear of receiving like ill-treatment at the hands of this *clique*. More than half an hour elapsed before the sparring was resumed, and even then it had been well for the reputation of those interested in the exhibition if the lights had been extinguished, and the room cleared, for more miserable sparring we have not witnessed this season.

The exhibition closed by a set-to between Harry Gribben and Stunning Joe Banks, in which a few hits were made on both sides, when the men retired; and thus *ended* an exhibition which promised great things in the *beginning*.

Those persons who had Mr. Gribben in charge took *very* good care of him, not allowing his friends a moment's conversation with him, and, except when setting-to, not even a glimpse. We suppose, however, this is one of the *tricks* of the trade. We are glad, for Mr. Gribben's sake, that the receipts of the evening were good, for Harry is a gentleman, whether in public or private life. Would we could say the same for others of the profession.

Having said thus much in reference to the exhibition, let us offer a few remarks for the consideration of the young members of the pugilistic profession. The sparring benefits given during the present season have all been well attended. Money has been made at each and every one of them, varying in amounts from $25 up to $300 and $400. A revival of the manly art of self-defence seemed about taking place, and it only required a little care and attention on the part of sparrers to create a liking for the sport in classes which had heretofore kept aloof. Those who had never before attended a sparring exhibition, took a delight in being present at those lately given, and in consequence of this addition to the admirers of the sport, teachers of the art suddenly found applicants flowing in upon them to receive instruction. All hands seemed satisfied that sparring was about to come in vogue again, and that the low and vulgar actions of pugilists of former days were to be abolished forever. We thought so, and so expressed ourselves, but the events we have narrated as occurring at Gribben's exhibition, seem to have dispelled all such hopes, and unless similar occurrences are avoided in future, we fear sparring exhibitions will receive but little encouragement hereafter. It therefore behooves those interested to endeavor to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful conduct we have above referred to, and if it cannot be accomplished in any other way, let no disorderly character be admitted, or if admitted, let the first insulting remark uttered by him, if calculated to create a disturbance, or offend those setting-to, be the signal for his expulsion from the room, no matter who he may be.

By such a course alone can we expect to cherish a love for the "manly art of self-defence."

We were surprised that the *real friends* of Harry Gribben did not exert themselves to see that the arrangements of the benefit were carried out in a more satisfactory manner. They had it in their power, being out in full strength; and forming a part of the bone and sinew of the country, they could have made themselves felt.

Jem Parker's Benefit.

The benefit of Mr. Parker took place at Military Hall, White street, on Monday evening last, and the manner in which the affair was conducted reflected credit on all concerned. The room was tolerably well filled; there was no noise or confusion; no hooting at the sparers, or insulting remarks made in reference to them; no delay between the sets-to; plenty of sparrers, in consequence of fearing no intimidation from outsiders; in fact, everything passed off in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Parker was not kept in a glass case, but was suffered to walk about the room and converse with his friends, being under no restraint whatever.

The wind-up between Mr. James Sullivan and Mr. Parker was the feature of the evening, and elicited much applause.

The question very naturally arises, why was Mr. Gribben's Exhibition conducted in such a disgraceful manner, while the benefit of Mr. Parker was almost as quiet and orderly as a Quaker Meeting? What caused this difference? Those who attended both exhibitions understand full well, and those who did not can very easily judge.

Old Tovee.

This old "hero of the mittens" called upon us, a day or two since, to say that, in consequence of the many difficulties he has had to contend with of late, he will not be able to superintend the arrangement for a benefit at present—but, in a few weeks, he hopes to give his friends an opportunity of meeting him in the sparring room. Due notice will be given.

Sparring in Boston.

Jemmy Trainor and Mike Murphy have been giving sparring exhibitions in Boston. The following account of a benefit we take from the *Dispatch*, of Boston:

TAYLOR'S COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT.—The annual complimentary benefit to Prof. W. G. Taylor, the well-known teacher of sparring and self-defense, took place at the Howard Athenæum on Saturday evening last. The theatre was filled from parquet to ceiling. The exhibition was the best we have ever seen in Boston, and was conducted with the utmost order and propriety. Everything, in fact, passed off with great *eclat*. The flower of the sparring talent, both in New-York and Boston, were present, and lent their welcome aid to swell the attraction. Mr. James Trainor, of London, Mike Murphy, of New-York, and many others may be mentioned as stars, who appeared on the occasion.

The set-to between Jimmy Trainor, of London, and Ben. Powers, of this city, was excellent, and called forth considerable applause. That between Taylor, of Roxbury, and Evans, of Boston, was good in parts, but ended a little too earnestly for fun. The trial between Gormon and Smith was excellent, as was also that between the London Pet and the Limerick Boy. The grand feature of the evening, however, was the display of science between Prof. Taylor, the beneficiary, and Murphy, of New-York. The number of "good hits" made was large. It was regarded as the best display ever given to a Boston public, and brought down thunders of applause. Prof. Taylor has reason to be proud of such a benefit.

End of the Volume.

With the next number of the New York Clipper will end the first year of its publication. The programme for the next volume will be published next week. The success of the Clipper is unprecedented in the annals of newspaper publication. With the experience we now have, and the renewed exertions we intend making, the volume for the coming year will prove doubly interesting.

The Crystal Palace.

"Up she goes, and down she goes," and at each turn of the scale *somebody* puts a little more cash in his pocket, while somebody else loses a little. We must say those hotel-keepers, hatters, &c., &c., are getting "done" most wofully. "Now you see it, and now you don't; who can tell where the little joker is?" The Crystal Palace, under the management of Mr. Sedgwick, was no stock-jobbing concern, as it is at present,

THE RING.

Fights to Come.

April 26.—Jem Parker and Harry Gribben, for $500 aside.

Another Match.

At the exhibition given by Harry Gribben, on Friday evening last, Dick Donnelly, of Manchester, who has just arrived in this country, publicly offered to fight any man in New York, whose weight did not exceed 9 stone 2 lbs. Ned Hogan, who was present, immediately responded, and said he was ready to make a match with Donnelly for $500 aside, or if that sum was beyond his means, he would fight him for $300 aside. The parties agreed to meet on some evening during this week to make the match.

Donnelly, we believe, has fought several battles in England, and looks as if he could stand some hard knocks. Hogan, we believe, is a native of Ireland, and has been in this country but a short time.

Prize fight in Pemberton.

PEMBERTON, April 1st, 1854.

DEAR CLIPPER: permit me a small space in your valuable paper, to give you a description of a Jersey prize fight that came off in our quiet little village, a short time back, between the celebrated fighting men, Joseph Chambers, *alias* Stumpy, and Joseph King, *alias* Hill Bully, for $10 aside. They were to fight in the afternoon but the authorities prevented it, and they agreed between themselves and seconds to fight the next morning, at daylight, before the citizens were up. Chambers and his seconds were on the spot in the morning, before light; in fact, they were there all night, with a quart of *lemonade* to cheer them up. At 6 o'clock King appeared, with his seconds; ring ready. Chambers jumped in the ring, smacked his fists together, and said, fetch on your best, I am ready. King stripped, put on his belt, and walked in the ring; but no shaking of hands as usual in prize fighting.

Round 1. Chambers leading off with his left; King threw up his left, and gave Chambers a most beautiful tap on the snout which knocked him down and let the claret out most beautiful. *First blood for King.*

2. Betting two to one on King. Chambers, leading off again, struck King on the shoulder; King, in return, gave him another most beautiful tap on the left eye which blacked it most beautiful; he staggered back but came up again and received a most tremendous blow on the right eye, which knocked him down, and pretty much closed both eyes.

3. Chambers leading off again, striking wildly as before. Presently, King put one right in between his peepers, which knocked him flat on his back. Chambers, upon getting up, said he didn't agree to fight a ring fight; it was to be a regular bull-dog fight, and he wanted to decide it in that way. King said anything for to satisfy him, he would agree to. They agreed to fight a bull-dog fight, and the next round should settle it.

4. They clinched; King threw Chambers; struck him four or five times between the eyes, and kicked; then Chambers halloed enough, take him off, he is killing me! King, of course, got off, and claimed the money, which was given up. Respectfully, yours, R. A. T.

Newspaper Folding.

NEW YORK AGAINST PHILADELPHIA.

We received on Saturday last a letter from Mr. Scroggy, of Philadelphia, enclosing $10 as a first deposit to make a match with E. H. Kendric, of this city, in the matter of newspaper folding. We give Mr. Scroggy's letter:

PHILADELPHIA, April 5, '54.

MR. QUEEN:—According to the challenges of paper folding, you will please remember that I accepted the challenge made by some of the New York boys, now accept the challenge of Mr. E. H. Kendric on the following conditions, viz:—Mr. Kendric to come to Philadelphia to fold—the number of papers to be folded to be about six thousand, making, as we would say about one day's work,—the match to come off in five weeks from last Saturday—you will find ten dollars enclosed as the first instalment—one hundred dollars aside to be put up in three weeks—the balance of the stakes to be put up the day before the match comes off. The stakes to be put in the hands of Mr. F. A. Drovin, N. E. corner of Third and Chestnut St.

T. M. SCROGGY.
443 Vine Street.

Upon the reception of the above letter we called on Mr. Kendric, and made known to him the conditions of the match as arranged individually by Mr. Scroggy. Mr. Kendric very naturally expressed surprise that Mr. Scroggy should make all the arrangements without consulting any of the opposite party. However, we give the reply of Mr. Kendric, that the public can judge of the merits of each—

NEW YORK, April 10, '54.

To the Editor of the New York Clipper

SIR—I must object to the arrangements made by Mr. Scroggy in regard folding an edition of papers with him for the sum of $250 aside. I consider myself the party challenged, inasmuch as my name was not mentioned until I accepted the challenge offered by Mr. Scroggy. It is against all rules, therefore, for Mr. Scroggy to settle the preliminaries of the match to suit his own convenience. However, to show that I mean business, if he, Scroggy, will fold in New York, I will pay his expenses in coming and going, and while here. If he objects to this, I will go with him to any other city that may be mutually agreed upon. In regard to the number of papers to be folded, the time of folding them, and the deposit of the stakes, I am willing to agree to the proposal of Mr. Scroggy. I think this is as fair as my opponent can desire. If he will not agree to the above, let him appoint a friend, and I also will appoint one, and let those two choose a referee, whose decision shall be binding, and then let this committee of three make all the arrangements themselves, and have the match take place in any city except New York or Philadelphia, by which Mr. Scroggy and myself will agree to be bound. If Mr. Scroggy really means to fold a match with me, he cannot refuse to accept at least one of the above propositions. I enclose $10 as a first instalment. Yours,

E. H. KENDRIC.

Our readers can now see how the case stands. Should Mr. Scroggy agree to come to this city, we promise him a good reception, and the best of treatment whilst here. The match can be so arranged that only a certain number of the friends of each folder need be present during the match. Mr. Scroggy certainly cannot expect to have everything his own way in regard to the match.

Our Philadelphia friends also state they will be ready when the folding match takes place, to accept the offer of Mr. Kendric in reference to packing. Mr. Kendric, it will be recollected, offered to pack papers with Mr. Scroggy for the sum of $500, against his opponent's $250.

We hope our Philadelphia friends will settle this matter soon, that the match may take place at the appointed time.

Sport Ahead!—Notice.

Whereas, Daniel Bodine, of the West Jersey Ferry, has thought fit, without just reason or provocation, to *challenge* any of the Philadelphia Yacht Men to a personal encounter with him, no less than *six* of said yacht men, all of inferior weight to the challenger, have volunteered to meet said Bodine in a fair stand-up ring fight, for 50 or 100 Dollars, in two months after the match be made. If these terms suit his *Lordship*, we will furnish him the gentlemen's names, from whom he may choose a man. If he really means *business*, let him come to time, or forever hold his peace. Yours, truly, FLINTS.

I need scarcely assure you that I will be personally responsible for the above. I *mean* exactly what I have said. I refrain, however, (unless a match is likely to be made), from giving names, and I humbly trust, you will be good enough to give publicity to the above, inasmuch as the matter has now gone too far for cavil on the part of the challenging party.

Yours, very respectfully,

FLINTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Melodeon.

THE LAST NIGHT—THE CROWDED STATE OF THE HOUSE—SPEECH OF CHARLEY WHITE—END OF THE PLAY.

We dropped in at the Melodeon on Saturday evening last to witness the last appearance of Charley White and his popular company in their old quarters, where they have amused so many thousands of patrons during the past eight years. The room was densely crowded in every part, and each spectator seemed to feel that, in bidding adieu to that old spot, the Melodeon, was like parting with a cherished friend. The youthful patrons of the place, those rough and neglected boys, who, though of but little consequence individually, can, collectively, make or mar the fortunes of any performer, were present in full force; and when Dan Emmet, a favorite banjo-player, appeared, it was with reluctance they let him quit the stage; as he did so, however, the boys gave him three loud and hearty cheers. Charley, himself, was not in his usual good spirits, though he contributed his share to make the entertainment pass off creditably. At the conclusion of the performance, Mr. White, in answer to the continued calls of the audience, made his appearance before the curtain, and said:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am not in the mood for speaking, this evening, but, in answer to your calls, I appear before you to return my sincere thanks for the kindness you have ever manifested towards me and my little place of amusement, during the many evenings we have met here together. But this, I assure you, is positively the last night I shall appear before you in the Bowery, until I open my own place of amusement at No. 49. This time I work on a sure footing, for I have a lease of the place which will last until the 100th anniversary of American Independence; and I promise you that the amusements I intend to offer you, and the price of admission I propose charging, will be unequaled by any other establishment in the world. Again allow me to return my sincere thanks for your attention and kindness.

Nine cheers for Mr. White were given; and thus ended the career of Charley White in the Melodeon. We understand that the new place of amusement at No. 49 Bowery will be opened some time in June. In the meantime, White's Serenaders have taken up their quarters at the St. Nicholas Rooms, No. 495 Broadway, where they will be happy to see their friends.

National Theatre.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Mr. Purdy was lucky enough to strike the tide at the proper moment, and is now on the high road to fortune and public favor. The production of the drama of Uncle Tom in the highest style of theatrical splendor could not fail to change the complexion of affairs at the National; and now for nine months has this drama been performed nightly to crowded audiences, composed of the beauty and fashion of this as well as of other cities. As a testimonial of the favor in which Mr. Purdy is held by his company, a complimentary benefit is to be given him on Saturday afternoon and evening next. There will no doubt be a grand attendance on the occasion.

Christy's Minstrels.

Have you heard the new songs brought out by this company of late? If not, let us advise you to go and listen to the beautiful harmony with which they are rendered. The popularity of Christy's is as great as ever, and this is a sufficient guarantee of their merits, as they have now been with us about ten years, during which time they have almost nightly appeared in some attractive entertainment.

Buckley's Minstrels.

With Eph. Horn, Tom Briggs, and the ever-popular R. S. Buckley, it is not in the least surprising that immense audiences nightly assemble at No. 539 Broadway in order to enjoy the delicious treat prepared by the Buckleys for their patrons. The music is charming, the singing decidedly good, and the eccentricities of Horn really amusing.

White's Serenaders.

This old and extremely popular band of Minstrels have taken up their quarters at the St. Nicholas Exhibition Room, No. 495 Broadway, above Broome street. We promise a rich and rare treat to those who drop in to see Charley and his company in their new location.

Private Soiree.

Professor Kilfoil gave a private soiree a few evenings since, at the National Hall, which was well attended. The ladies presented a dazzling sight, being dressed in the most magnificent style. The dancing was of the first order, and, as the persons in attendance were mostly the pupils of Mr. Kilfoil, reflected great credit on that gentleman as a teacher of the terpsichorean art. Where all the ladies were lovely, it would be ungallant in us to particularize, and we omit the mention of any names.

Canine Sport!

There is to be some rare sport at Marriott's Sportsman's Hall, No. 49 Madison street, on Easter Monday, April 17. Wrestling by the Bears; Coon-Baiting; Badger-Baiting; Dog-Matches, and various other sports. This will be one of the finest exhibitions of the kind ever given in this city. For full particulars see advertisement in another column.

Sportsman's Retreat.

At Mr. James McLaughlin's, on Easter Monday evening, there is to be a variety of Bear, Badger, Coon, Dog and Ratting Sports. In fact, a rare treat is to be given the patrons of Mr. McL. on the above evening. The advertisement in another column, giving particulars, will be read with interest.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

On Saturday last, at the Red House, 2nd avenue, a shooting match took place, between Joshua Smith, of Yonkers, and David Gould, of New York city, for fifty dollars aside, at ten pigeons each; 1¼ oz. shot; 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary, and decided as follows:—

Smith, 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
Gould, 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 0
Smith having won by shooting at nine birds, the match was decided without shooting at his tenth.

THE TURF.

The Greatest Race on Record.

NEW ORLEANS, April 8, 1854

Decidedly the greatest four mile race on record has just been concluded on the Metairie Course, near this city. Lecompte, the Louisiana horse, won the purse of $2,600 in two straight heats.

The time for the first heat was seven minutes and twenty-six seconds (7:26); and of the second heat, seven minutes thirty-eight and three-quarters seconds, (7:38½). This is the finest time ever made.

The entries were, Lecompte, the only horse not distanced by Lexington in the recent great State post stake race for twenty thousand dollars; Lexington, of Kentucky, winner of said race; and Rubre. The latter was distanced on the second heat.

Before starting Lexington was the favorite at odds. Large amounts of money were bet on the result, which has thrown the sporting community into the greatest state of excitement.

The Great State Post Stake.

KENTUCKY VICTORIOUS—EX-PRESIDENT FILLMORE ON THE JUDGES' STAND—FULL ACCOUNT OF THE RACE.

From the N. O. Picayune, April 2.

Rarely has a lovelier Spring day opened on more brilliant hopes and expectations than that which yesterday dawned upon the thousands who, to a greater or less degree, were rushing forward to the great event of the day, with the most pleasurable expectations. The race! the great struggle of States for superiority in that contest which had for months enlisted so much feeling, so much State pride, so much individual competition, had been the ruling idea in all circles, and scarcely any other topic had been discussed or thought of. Myriads of strangers, as the eventful day approached, had thronged our city, and almost nothing else was talked of but the probable or possible result of this great sporting affair. Opinions of every kind and shade were freely expressed. Each one of the gallant States that had so chivalrously come into the agreement, had its host of representatives on the ground, and each indulged in earnest and eloquent eulogies upon his favorite. Banters were offered, bets were made, speculations were indulged in, predictions were ventured, hopes and fears were expressed, and the town had a topic that lasted up to the very moment when the tap of the drum gave signal for the start. Even the ladies caught the infectious excitement and made up their pretty purses. The fair Mobilians were strong on Highlander, and the Kentucky belles wondered how any reasonable person could doubt that Lexington would assuredly win. Mississippi relied confidently on Lecomte, without making much ado, while Louisiana deported herself modestly, and hoped her Arrow would go straight to the mark. The contest had been worth provoking, had it been alone for the pleasure arising from the sparkling of so many bright eyes, and the mingling of so many joyous laughs as sprang from its discussion.

From an early hour all the roads, avenues, and means of approach, by every possible kind of conveyance, were put in requisition. The city was comparatively deserted. Business seemed (we, who were not among the couldn't-get-aways, were told) to be suspended; everybody who were anybody, or wanted to be deemed anybody, had gone to the race. Dinner hours were postponed, engagements were forgotten, and we should not at all wonder if bank notifications, in some few instances, slipped some memories. The race for everybody, and everybody for the race!

On entering the enclosure, we were struck with the excellence of the arrangements that had been made by the proprietor for the admission of the proper persons at the proper places. There was no unnecessary jostling or crowding, to the inconvenience of those who came in good time, and who had provided themselves with the means of ingress announced as necessary by the management. The next thing we saw that gratified us especially was the evident disposition of the occupants of all parts of the Course appropriated to spectators to regard the rules and regulations promulgated by the proprietor; and this remark will fairly apply to the entire day.

The liberal attendance of ladies was a delightful feature of the day. There were brilliant representatives of the beauty and taste of our own fair State, and of her sister States. There were, besides Louisiana belles and beauties, belles and beauties from Alabama, Mississippi and Kentucky, who all took a most praiseworthy interest in the incidents of the occasion. The presence of ladies has always a benign influence, but we have never seen it more pleasingly exerted than in this instance.

There were a great many of our most distinguished citizens from all parts of the southern country present, including Governors, Judges, Mayors, and other officials, not to name all of whom, if any, would seem invidious, and we cannot remember half of them. Ex-President FILLMORE and ex-Secretaries KENNEDY and CONRAD attracted and received a great deal of attention, and were politely invited by the judges of the race to view it from the judges' stand. They seemed to take much interest in the sport, and, in the intervals, in the socie;y of the distinguished company assembled in the members' and ladies' stands.

There must have been fully twenty thousand persons within the enclosure of the Metarie Course upon this great and interesting occasion. Yet we never have seen more perfect order preserved among a large body of men than that which prevailed throughout the day. We were not cognizant of a single dereliction of the duty that one man owes to another in any single respect; no drunkenness, no dispute, no quarrels, no unseemly or even boisterous remarks.

The incidents and result of the race we subjoin. But in closing our necessarily very hasty and cursory general remarks, we cannot forbear noting the fact that Old Kentucky had, and fully availed herself of a glorious opportunity of manifesting her characteristic State pride upon this occasion. It was inspiring to see the bright eyes of her daughters sparkling with joy, and to hear their ringing laughs and exultant shouts as the champion of their State was going on "conquering and to conquer," and adding another to the already many trophies that have been gallantly won by Old Kentuck,

INCIDENTS OF THE RACE.

The Judges' stand was occupied by ex-President FILLMORE, and several other distinguished strangers, besides the Judges of the race. The Judges selected by the subscribers to the stake were as follows: Col. WADE HAMPTON was the Judge chosen to represent Alabama; Col. J. J. HUGHES, for Louisiana; Mr. ROBERT EVANS, for Kentucky; Judge PINCKNEY SMITH, for Mississippi; and Judge J. G. COCKS, the President of the Metarie Jockey Club, presiding.

The betting for several days previous to the race and yesterday mornig in the city was brisk and heavy, Highlander being generally the first favorite and Lexington the second favorite. The field was frequently backed against Highlander, at odds of two to one. On arriving at the course the crowd for a time appeared to feel impatient, fearing that they could not have a chance to lay out all their money. Pocketbooks flew open and for an hour the betting was very lively, but not much changed from what it had been. We heard many bets made as follows: Even between Highlander and Lexington, $50 to $100 that Highlander would take the first heat. Their was of course, a variety of bets concerning many minor points and the particular placing of the horses.

The course was heavy from the previous rains; and the strong wind which prevailed had so hardened the mud that it was very stiff and unyielding, clinging to the hoof with great tenacity.

FIRST HEAT—The horses came proudly up to the stand and moved off with difficulty, well together, and passed around the first turn in the following order: Lexington leading, Arrow second, Lecomte third, with Highlander trailing. In this position the first mile was run, all being within a fair distance of each other. On entering the second mile Lecomte went up, and lapped Lexington for a short distance, but they all soon resumed their original position for the remainder of the second, and the whole of the third mile, at about the same rate of speed. On making the first turn of the fourth mile, Arrow began to feel the effects of the heavy mud and slackened his speed, Highlander passing him, taking the third position, gradually making up the gap between himself and his two competitors. Lecomte, on coming home, pushed for the lead, but Lexington held his course steadily, and won the heat under a strong pull by about three lengths, in 8:08¾, distancing Arrow. The Kentuckians, who are a famous people for shouting, gave a loud cheer for their favorite, and the betting people began to make new arrangements.

SECOND HEAT.—After much discussion on minor points, the betting now appeared to settle down to about two to one on Lexington against the field, Lecomte generally being considered as the chief reliance of the fielders. Highlander's friends were in bad spirits, but some of them contended that he had not yet exerted himself, that he had ran nearly all the first heat far from the pole, and they therefore took up the odds offered against him. On starting for the second heat, Highlander took the lead on the first turn, with Lexington second, but all well together. On the back stretch, Lecomte made a brush and took the lead of the party, entering the second mile in advance, and Lexington second. In this position they ran the mile. At the entrance of the third mile, Highlander made his first and only brush; he went up to Lexington, and nearly passed him for a short distance, but Lexington soon shook him off round the turn, Lecompte leading throughout the mile by nearly eight lengths.

On the first quarter of the fourth mile, Highlander began to exhibit distress, and gave up his stride near the same spot and in the same manner as Arrow had done in the first heat. Lexington, on the back stretch, now went to work in earnest, gradually closing up the gap on Lecomte, both striving hard for the supremacy, and the pace increasing. On the third quarter, Lexington locked Lecomte, and they swung into the home stretch side by side, the excitement running high among anxious thousands, and cheers rending the air. Down they came home, rushing forward like a torrent, each at the top of his speed, and as if life depended upon every jump; but the speed of Lexington was superior, and he shot past the Judges' stand about four lengths in advance, winning the heat and race, amid the cheers of the ladies, and the deafening shouts of the men, in 8:04—the last mile being run in quicker time than any other in the race.

Our readers, who were not present at the race, would sadly misjudge the merits of this great contest did they only make up their opinion of the severity of the struggle by glancing at the time, which, we acknowledge, would appear slow if the track had been in good condition. Under all the circumstances of the case, the race was an excellent one; its varying chances, its uncertain termination up to the last moment, the severity of the contest, the amount of money at stake, and immense number of persons in attendance, will render it a brilliant event in the racing annals of this country.

SUMMARY.

METAIRIE COURSE—GREAT POST STATE STAKE—*Fourth Day.* Saturday, April 1, 1854. Great Post State Stake for $20,000, p. p. For all ages. Four mile heats. $5,000 subscription, p. p. Each horse starting in the race to receive $1,000 out of the stakes, provided he is not distanced, and the winner to receive the remainder. Each state subscribing to be represented by the signatures of three responsible gentlemen, residents of said State, a majority of whom shall name the horse to start. The stake to be deposited with the President of the New-Orleans Metairie Jockey Club, two days previous to the race.

Subscribers for the State of Louisiana.—T. J. Wells, D. F. Kenner, J. Hiddleston.

Subscribers for Alabama.—L. E. Smith, S. M. Hill, S. J. Hunter.

Subscribers for Kentucky.—Willa Villey, Jas. K. Duke, James D. Clay.

Subscribers for Mississippi.—P. B. Starke, John C. Inge, John Linton.

Kentucky represented by b. c. *Lexington*, by Boston, out of Alice Carneal—3 y. o. (Henry Meichon.) 1 1

Mississippi represented by ch. c. *Lecomte*, by Boston, out of Reel—3 y. o. (John.) 2 2

Alabama represented by ch. h. *Highlander*, by Glencoe, out of Castinet,—4 y. o. (Gilpatrick.) 3 dis.

Louisiana represented by ch. g. *Arrow*, By Boston, out of Jeanneteau—4. y. o. (Abe.) .... dis.

TIME.

First Heat.—2:01; 2:02; 2:01½; 2:04½; Total 8:08¾.

Second Heat.—2:02; 2:03½; 1:59½; 1:59; Total 8:04.

A Baltimore Clipper.

A HANDSOME SPECIMEN OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.—A new and novel specimen of naval architecture has just been constructed at Baltimore, by W. H. Skinner, Esq., of Dorchester county, for Messrs. Elisha Ruckmon and William De Groat, of New York, after a model made by Mr. Fish, of the firm of Fish & Morton, of this city, and for which port she is intended. She has no rake either forward and aft; is one hundred feet on the keel, 25 feet beam, and has 8 feet depth of hold. The keel is 12 by 17 inches thick, and the main keelson of the same dimensions, and there are two sister keelsons of like size all thoroughly bolted together and proving a solid body. Her bedpiece is 18 by 25 inches thick and 37 feet long. The outside planking and ceiling are three inches thick, and from keel to beam is copper fastened and copper butt bolted. She has about 6,000 trenails and is square fastened throughout. She has three bilge keelsons on each side. The two stringers extend from the stem to the stern under the deck and are 5 by 16 inches in thickness. The stancheons are all of yellow locust, surmounted by a rail 12 by 5 inches. Her deck is laid of white pine 2½ inches thick. Her masts had a medium rake and are, the mainmast 81½ and the foremast 80 feet high; her topmasts are 42 feet each; the bowsprit is 24 feet outside the knighthead, and the gibboom 18 feet outside the cap. She carries eight sails, comprising 1,500 yards of canvass.

The model of the Ney is somewhat after the New York yachts, has a centre-board, and when laden, will draw about 8½ feet of water. She is about 170 tons burthen, and will store about 1,300 barrels. The lines of this vessel are perfect, and she sits upon the water in beautiful style. She is bronzed with red and white streaks. Her cabin is capacious and handsomely finished in panel work of oak, maple and walnut, surmounted with gilt. She has four berths and two state rooms. The forecastle, for the accommodation of the crew, is large and convenient. In fine, she is a perfect specimen of architecture and reflects great credit upon her designer as well as builders, while she will prove an ornament to any port she may enter. She is the only vessel of this precise model ever constructed, and as she will shortly arrive here, those who take an interest in the improvement of the mechanic arts, would do well to look out for her arrival and take a view of her. Her sails were furnished by Mr. Benjamin Bennett, of New York. She will be commanded by Capt. William DeGroat.

Wanted to Know,

How they come on at Albany with that Maine Liquor Law.

Running.

CENTERVILLE COURSE, L. I.

On Saturday a quarter race, came off between two stallions for $440. The horses were Mayfly and Red Bird, the former belonging in Flushing, and the latter in Black Stump, L. I. Mayfly won handily by about three lengths, to the gratification of the men of Flushing, who made the welkin ring with their shouts at the result. The same horses ran on the previous Saturday, when Red Bird was the victor, and the horsemen of Black Stump and Jamaica pocketed considerable money of the Flushing party. The backers of Mayfly being anxious for another trial, the Red Bird Party were ready to accomodate them; but with their defeat of Saturday, Red Bird stock depreciated amazingly, and no more was said about another match. Mayfly is the best horse of the two by all odds. The following is a summary:—

SATURDAY, April 8.—Match for $440, quarter mile out.

Bay stallion Mayfly 1
Black stallion Red Bird 2

Time not given.

ANOTHER SHOOTING CHALLENGE.—Mr. Travis, proprietor of a pistol gallery at New Orleans, having heard of the feat lately performed by a Mr. Morgan James, of Utica, N. Y.—shooting an apple off a man's head several times in succession—offers to shoot with Mr. James, twenty shots, each man firing off hand his own pistol, at his own target, at fifteen paces distance, string measure, for one, two, three, four, or five thousand dollars for the best in the twenty. As to the apple shot, Mr. Travis says his way of doing the feat is to have the man on whose head the apple rests, stand perfectly unprotected by any covering, barrier or intervening object or substance between him and the marksman—and asks if that is the way Mr. Morgan James did it.

FEATS OF STRENGTH.—The Poughkeepsie Telegraph gives an account of a great feat of strength that was performed on the track of the railroad near Fishkill Landing, a few days since. Two men were trying to lift a piece of iron, but one of them could not lift his end. A medium-sized young man, aged about nineteen, stood looking on. Says he, "I can lift that end." He did so with ease. He then added, "I should like to wager any man that I could lift the whole piece." A small bet was made when the young man procured a rope, fastened it over his shoulders, then to the iron, and then lifted it from the ground as easy as he did the end. It was ascertained that the piece of iron weighed 1106 pounds. The name of the young man who performed the feat is Sylvester Truesdell, of Cold Spring.

Stirring Times.

There are rumors, of battles lost and won on the other side of the Atlantic, and there are widows moaning o'er the sad fate of husbands killed on the field of battle. How different the case with us—no widows moan, or orphans groan—for we are at peace with all the world. Here happiness and fortune smile upon all—here tyrants cannot oppress, but nothwithstanding this state of affairs there is one place above all, where rich and poor, high and low, old and young can gather together, and examine in peace and quietness the most extensive assortments of Carpetings ever offered to the public—You all know we refer to the great establishment of Hiram Anderson, No. 99 Bowery, whose ten large salesrooms are now daily visited by immense numbers of purchasers.

He Wore

One of Rafferty & Leask's superior and fashionable Daguerrean Hats, which at once accounted for his neat and trim appearance, for no article of dress adds so much to the appearance as a well-finished and fashionable hat, such as Rafferty & Leask, of No. 57 Chatham street, and corner of Chatham and Pearl, alone manufacture. A Daguerreotype likeness of each purchaser is given gratis; besides, the price of the hats sold by the above gentlemen, is very low, considering the fine quality of the articles used in their manufacture, as well as the superiority of workmanship, Now is the season to make a purchase, and the spring fashion cannot fail to please you.

The Remedy.

It is said that we should try all things, but hold fast to that which is good. The practice of this precept is the cause of the success of Dr. Gouraud's Celebrated Italian Medicated, Soap Liquid Hair Dye, Pouders Subtiles and the various cosmetics prepared by him; for once a person can be induced to give those articles a single trial, the beneficial results attending it, will suffice to warrant a continuance of their use. The Italian Medicated Soap is a preventive of chafes, chaps, freckles, blotches, &c. &c., while the Hair Dye will instantly change light, red or grey hair to beautiful brown or jet black. Try them once. Dr Gouraud's office is at No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway.

Well, Oysters are good.

At least they are when served up at "Ned's Snug Harbor," No. 362 Broome street, as we can safely testify. Drop in and try a stew, or a plate of raw, and see how you'll like them.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. ATLANTIC, Collins Line, for Europe, will close at this office on Saturday, April 15, 1854, at 10½ o'clock A. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

April 12, 1854.

Post Office, New York.—Notice.—

The Mails per U. S. M. S. GEORGE LAW, Law's Line for California, via Havana, and Aspinwall, will close at this office on Monday April 20, at 1 o'clock P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, P. M.

April 12, 1854.

VICTIMS OF DISEASE.

YOU CANNOT BE TOO CAREFUL IN the selection of a physician or a remedy in these cases. You should apply to a man who has had ample experience and that possesses true skill in the treatment thereof. Such a physician is Dr. Hunter, he lays his claims on the following facts, which can be proven at any moment,

He has been in active practice over 25 years, in this city, and has established the Hunterian Dispensary, 3 Division street, in 1853, exclusively for the treatment of certain diseases, and has devoted all his abilities during all that time, to this branch of medecine only. His great remedy, Hunter's Red Drop, is a medecine perfectly innocent in its action, yet so thorough that it annihilates every particle of the rank and poisonous virtus of this dreadful disease; and on this account alone it was first made public, that unlike all other remedies, it does not dry up the disease in the blood, to break out at a remote period all over the body, or to transmit to the offspring.

It has been counterfeited and slandered more than any medecine of any kind ever brought before the public—knowing that unless they deter the fortunate from obtaining it, their prospects for patronage is gone. The Hunterian Dispensary is conducted on the most honorable principles. No man is required to sign a register of names, or asked who or what he is. Doctor Hunter's business is to cure his patients, and no one knows but the patients and himself that they ever met professionally. He desires young men attached to respectable families, and who are led astray by the numerous temptations of a city life to understand this. He has refused more certificates of cures from persons who had been unsuccessfully treated by other Physicians, than would fill the largest newspaper in the world a dozen times over. apr15 2m

AMUSEMENTS.

Christy's American Opera House:
No. 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The well known original, far famed and only CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
Organized in 1842.
The first and oldest established company in existence.
THE MODEL TROUPE OF THE WORLD
The first to Harmonise Negro Melodies, and originators of the present popular style of Ethiopian Entertainments, and whose success in this city, for a continued succession of several years past, is without precedent in the annals of public amusement in New York.
THE COMPANY,
Comprising a versatile and talented "corps" of experienced performers, under the direction and personal supervision of EDWIN P. CHRISTY, Sole Proprietor and Manager, the only individual of the name of Christy, engaged as a performer in representations of Ethiopian Minstrelsy.
Admission—25 cents. Doors open at 6½ o'clock; commence at 7½ o'clock.

National Theatre.
Every Evening, until further notice, will be performed—
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
IN SIX ACTS.
Uncle Tom, - - - Mr. J. Lingard.
St. Claire, - - - - Siple.
Gumpton Cute, - - - - H. Stone.
Eva, - - - Little Cordelia Howard.
NOTICE TO CITIZENS AND STRANGERS.
The great and original drama of Uncle Tom's Cabin, by G. L. Aiken, Esq., which has been performed with such immense success at th National Theatre every night since the 18th of July, and in which the youthful wonder, Little Cordelia Howard, appears as the gentle Eva,
WILL BE CONTINUED
EVERY EVENING DURING THE YEAR
and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. Admission 25 cents to dress circle. Remember the National Theatre is situated in Chatham street, near Rosevelt, and this is the only place in which the correct version from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's work can be witnessed in New York.
☞ Dress Circle and Boxes, 25 cts; Orchestra Arm Chairs, 50 cts; Exclusive Private Boxes, $5; One Person to Private Box, $1. Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

Buckley's Minstrels,
Chinese Hall, 539 Broadway.
Buckley ..... Properiote
R. Bishop Buckley ..... Musical Director
Admission ..... 25 cts
Doors open at 7—commence at 8 o'clock.
Burlesque Operas.

Anatomical Museum.
No. 300 Broadway.
A variety of curiosities, and wax representations of the different parts of the human form.
Open day and Evening.
Admittance 25 cents

WHITE'S SERENADERS,
AT THE ST. NICHOLAS EXHIBITION Room, 495 Broadway, three doors above Broome street, on the same block with the St. Nicholas Hotel; the oldest permanent company performing now in New York.
WHITE'S ORIGINAL AND INIMITABLE TROUP OF SERENADERS,
under the direction and supervision of Charles White, most respectfully announce that they will appear at the above place every evening until further notice, when they will have the honor of introducing a series of their chaste, light, and laughable entertainments, consisting of every description of Ethiopian representations.
The company, twelve in number, consists of capable and experienced gentlemen, and for versatility of talent stands unequalled. Their entertainments will consist of a peculiar and mirthful combination of Ethiopian eccentricities, combining taste and gentility, all being exclusively original, which has ever been received with approbation, and patronised for a continued succession of quite eight years by a New York public, making them the oldest permanent company in this city.
Doors open at 6½; concert to commence at 7½ precisely.
All performances to conclude before 10 o'clock.
Admission, 25 cents.
An afternoon performance will be given every Wednesday and Saturday, for the accomodation of ladies and children.

MARRIOTT IN THE FIELD!
EASTER MONDAY, APRIL 17TH, 1854. One more chance left for the lovers of CANINE SPORT to witness a series of attractions unequalled in the Canine Arena, at Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street.
J. Marriott will display his whole Menagerie, for the benefit of those who may favor him on this occasion. He will commence, first by introducing his TWO BEARS, Jennett and Jenny Lind, for the purpose of wrestling with anything offered: no size or weight barred.
2. Coon Bait. 3. Badger Bait. His two Badgers will be introduced for Dogs not exceeding 26 or 30 lbs. Four handsome Collars will be on hand for gentlemen entering their Dogs. 4th. Turns up with the following celebrated Dogs: Jack and Towney; Mike, the New Haven Champion will contend with anything of 65 lbs. weight for $10 or $20; the handsome Dog William, will have a friendly turn-up for a V, for anything that comes along; Rolla, the Trenton Champion will be on hand, and the handsome Dog, Spot Jack, for anything that may offer. The following open for Matches—Tanner, 31 lbs., $100; Mingo, 26 lbs., $100; Spot, 34 lbs., $100, Tyro, 22 lbs. $100; Little Dog Wonder, 15 lbs., $100;
Doors open at 8 o'clock.—Tickets 25 cents.

GREAT SPORT!
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ENGLISH ITEMS.

Scullers' Match, for £100 a Side, on the Tyne.

MESSENGER *vs.* CANDLISH.

The scullers' match between James Messenger, of Teddington, and James Candlish, of Gateshead, Durham, for £100 a side, and the Championship of the Tyne, came off on Tuesday, on that "coaly river," the distance to be rowed being from a boat moored off the old Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, rather more than three miles. The match has for a long time occupied the attention of almost every aquatic sportsman, and excited general interest in the metropolis, as well as in the provinces. The men, it will be recollected, contended together in August last from Putney to Mortlake, and the close struggle which Candlish pulled (although not in first-rate condition) with the Thames hero, combined with the pluck and skill he has always displayed in his previous matches, gave his supporters full confidence in the renewal of another match. The event had been originally announced to take place in December last, but, owing to the illness of Messenger, it was deemed advisable by his friends to give £30 compensation for the postponement of the match, which was consequently put off till the above-named day.

The previous performances of both parties were narrated in our columns on the last occasion, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves by way of keeping a record of events, merely to add what each man has done since. At Chester regatta, shortly after his contest with Messenger, Candlish achieved a somewhat easy victory for the head skiff prize. In the same year he was defeated at the Tyne regatta in a four-oared race, (it being his *debut* as an oarsman,) by the Elswick crew. At the same regatta, however, he carried off the second prize; and, on the 9th of February, in this year, he and Harry Clasper, in a pair-oared match, for £50 a side and the Championship of the Tyne, vanquished two of the Elswick crew. Messenger, however, has not been in any engagement since August last, reserving himself entirely for this match.

So ardently did the backers of Candlish admire him on this occasion, that the betting, which was 5 and 6 to 4 on the London man, was reduced, a few days before the match, to evens; and so rife were the rumors as to the capabilities of Candlish, and so confident were his friends in the "certainty" that "Jim" would win, that, the night before, and even at the moment of the start, even money was laid to a considerable amount. At Tattersall's, on Monday, there was a good deal of betting at 5 and 6 to 4 on Candlish.

The weather had been unfavorable for a few days before the match, in consequence of a strong west wind, and on Monday evening the wind was so strong that fears were entertained of the match not coming off. On Tuesday morning, however, the wind abated, and, after a slight shower of rain, the weather began to clear up. Between twelve and one o'clock the wind again rose, and, for a considerable time, it was thought the match would have to be postponed, and it was not until the tide was at its full height that all doubt ceased. Long before the hour for starting, every available spot was crammed to excess, the High Level and Tyne Bridges forming conspicuous stands, and every conceivable atom of space that could be obtained on the west side of those gigantic edifices was fully occupied by anxious spectators of all ages and conditions. The banks on either side of the river, the windows of the factories, balconies, and the upper stories of all the warehouses were filled. On the river there were seven steamers accompanying the match, and the Gleaner, chartered by the Tyne Amateur Rowing Club, the Dart, which by no means answered to her name, and the official's boat, (the William,) being all well freighted.

At about three o'clock Messenger, attended by J. and T. Mackinney, the Richmond watermen, and accompanied by Mr. Nottidge, an aquatic person of celebrity on the Thames, and Mr. Styles, of Putney, arrived at the rendezvous. Four o'clock was the time named for the start, but Candlish and his friends thought the boats could not live in the surf, and it was not until a quarter to five that he could be prevailed upon to get into his boat, the tide having sunk about three inches. Candlish won the toss, and took up his position on the north side, which is considered to be the best. When the men divested themselves of their superfluous clothing, they became the "observed of all observers." Messenger wore only a pair of thin linings, the upper part of his person being naked, and exhibited a fine clear skin, a broad pair of shoulders, and a fine muscular development of arm and chest. He seemed more powerfully built than his opponent; he is, in fact, shorter in stature, but heavier in weight. Candlish wore a body shirt, and buckskin linings, which concealed his muscle, but showed his square and bony frame. As they were preparing to start, every one seemed breathless, until "off" was the cry, when the tranquillity which had previously prevailed was suddenly changed to commotion, and all the steamboats followed in the rear. Candlish obtained the start by nearly half a length, but, in about a dozen strokes, Messenger was even with him, and soon after drew his boat ahead, a slip of one of Candlish's sculls at the same time giving more advantage to his opponent. At the Skinner's Burn, Messenger was nearly a clear boat's length ahead, and at the Shot Tower he took his opponent's water, and the boats were then in a straight line with each other. At the foot of the Meadows the gap was augmented to three clear lengths, and, though Candlish appeared to strain every nerve to its utmost, he could not lessen the gap between them. 10 to 1 was now offered on the leader, and the excitement at this point was immense. Candlish's friends, however, still hoped that the greater part of his strength was in reserve, but, are they had reached the Meadow's house, the distance between them was increased, and Messenger's well-timed and powerful stroke continued as fresh as ever.

At the top of the Meadows the race, barring an accident, might be considered virtually at an end, and Candlish, by striking too much to the south, went more in the rear. Bruce and Winship, (two of the Elswick crew,) in a two-oared boat, at the meadows appeared to act the part of pilots to Messenger to keep him to the north, and, it was palpable to all who saw it, saved him a deal of ground. Opposite Benwell Boat House so confident was Messenger of victory, that he rested upon his sculls until he damped his hands, and loud and universal were the encomiums upon his undaunted pluck. All chance of success was now out of the question, and Messenger rowed in an easy winner 38 seconds, or about 150 yards before his opponent, the distance being performed in thirty minutes, a quick pull, considering the disadvantages of a contrary wind and tide; but Candlish during his trials has frequently rowed the same distance in a much shorter time. The boat which Messenger rowed is a magnificent model, built by himself of cedar wood, and is much smaller than the usual Thames build; its length was somewhere about 31 feet, width 15½ inches, and weighed about 35lb. It was greatly admired, and a more beautiful one was never launched. Candlish's boat was constructed of the same material as his opponent's, and also attracted considerable attention; its dimensions and weight were smaller than the one in which Messenger rowed, and the seat seemed deeper in the water, a difference by which we think Candlish would be laboring under a decided disadvantage. Candlish's sculls were much longer than those of Messenger, and it cannot be questioned that the short sculls of the London men, in the strong wind and a ripple on the water, was a decided advantage over the broad blades, which, on Candlish's part, caught the wind, and frequently the back water, and which, of course, required a more powerful leverage to raise.

Great disappointment was manifested by many at Candlish's defeat, as little doubt could be felt that the Thames "Clipper" could have easily increased the extent of his triumph. Messenger's stroke during the whole of the race was firm and constant; he never evinced the slighest distress, and at the finish of the contest he pulled to the shore, and assisted to lift his boat out of the water without any apparent exertion. His quick and vigorous pulling seemed better adapted for propelling than his opponent's, and there was an amount of ease about the movements of his body, which showed that his labor was greatly relieved. Candlish, on the other hand, pulled a long, sluggish stroke, which seemed as if he was afraid of putting himself to his work. We never remember to have witnessed him pulling with so little animation. He looked as if he was waiting for some determined struggle at the last; but there can be no doubt that he rowed with all his vigour, and that the only reason of his defeat, was, in the opinion of all unprejudiced observers, that Messenger was the better man.

The umpires for the match were—Henry Clasper for Candlish, and Thos. Mackinney for Messenger, Mr Simon Danson, the harbor master, acting as referee.—*Bell's Life in London, March* 19.

Crim Con.

At York, on Saturday week, an action was brought by one John Oldale against one William Bellamy, for the seduction of the wife of the former. Mr. Knowles stated the case to the jury. He said that this was one of those unfortunate cases in which a plaintiff was occasionally compelled to come into court to complain of the character of his wife.—of the destruction of his domestic happiness—and to ask for damages against a person who had been the author of that destruction. The parties in the present case are not in a very exalted position in life. The plaintiff is a journeyman silver plater, living by his trade, but a person whose feelings are human—who can appreciate as deeply as the highest person in the land the injury he has sustained—and who was equally entitled to the consideration of his case at the hands of a jury. He would briefly state the case. He would call witnesses who he believed would establish it, and he would leave the jury to do their duty without attempting to inflame them by any observations beyond those he was obliged to make in stating the facts of the case. The defendant was a person in the same rank of life as the plaintiff, his business being that of a Brittania metal smith. He believed they had worked together. At all events they were in the position of friends, and at the time when the unfortunate discovery which led to this action took place, they either were about to enter into partnership, or had already done so. But, of course, when this matter occurred, it put an end to any further intercourse between them. The plaintiff was about 23 years of age, and on the 1st of January, 1852, he married his present wife. She was a young woman of very great personal attractions, and certainly, up to that time, she had the advantage of possessing a character which had never been assailed, and could not be assailed. He believed that in every point of view that character was irreproachable. The plaintiff had some means of making his home comfortable. He had taken a pretty good house, and had furnished it in a respectable manner. His wife was very comfortable, and possessed every advantage that could fairly be expected by her for persons in their class of life. They lived for some time in the greatest happiness, and he thought there could be no question in the world about that. It unfortunately happened that the defendant, a person with whom the plaintiff had been acquainted with for some time, went to lodge in the plaintiff's house, and in about eight weeks he contrived to make that place which had been the seat of all the happiness that could be expected in such a dwelling, the abode of desolation, which fell upon it immediately after the discovery of his wife's dishonor Towards the end of February, 1853, the plaintiff went home one evening from his work, and from what then came under his observation, he left his house, his wife did the same, and the defendant did the same; and the establishment was for ever broken up. An inquiry was set on foot, and it then transpired that that which had only come to the suspicion of the plaintiff at the time, was a fact that had been known for some time to one of his neighbours (Mrs Haywood). That person would tell the jury that on a certain occasion, after the defendant had gone to lodge at the plaintiff's house, she went there and found the wife of the plaintiff and the defendant in bed together.—Mrs. Haywood made an observation and then went to her husband and told him what had occured. This was a short time before the plaintiff made the discovery. She did not mention the circumstance to anybody at the moment, but she did not enter the house again. If the jury believed her, he (Mr. Knowles) would want no other evidence, although there was other evidence in the case which he should lay before them. He should show them that after what had happened, the defendant was seen in the street talking to a number of people about him that a witness went there and found him actually making allusion to the very conduct which was now the subject of inquiry, and that when the witness remonstrated with him on proclaiming his own iniquity, and on his heaping shame upon a woman whom he had deluded, he had the audacity to make a very improper allusion to the matter by saying, "If there was a loaf on the table, and you had a sharp knife, you would do the same perhaps." When the wife of the plaintiff left him on the 28th of February 1853, the person who provided her with a lodging was the defendant. He could not show that he stayed with her in the house, but he was the person who provided her with a lodging. Under these circumstances the plaintiff brought the case before the jury. The defendant is possessed of some little property. He is a man who has being doing well. He attempted to go to Australia, or some other such place, but the plaintiff took the means which the law allows in stopping him, at any rate until after the action had been tried. The learned counsel called upon the jury to teach the defendant that he could not be allowed with impunity to betray the confidence of any man's wife, and that if he presumed to steal her affection, and to convert that affection to his dishonor, and to destroy his domestic peace, at least a jury would visit his fault with that amount of damages which would mark their sense of his conduct, a duty which every English jury was expected in a case of this desoription to perform. —Witnesses were called who proved the case and Mr. Temple then addressed the jury for the defence, and subsequently called witnesses who proved that the plaintiff had pursued a course of conduct which contributed to his wife's ruin. It was proved that the plaintiff had been seen to hold his wife while the defendant kissed her, and upon one occasion, in Christmas week, the plaintiff, his wife, the defendant, and a female cousin of the plaintiff, named Godwin, went to a ball at Rotherham, about six miles distant from the plaintiff's house. They all walked home together, and arrived about seven in the morning. As there were only two beds in the house, it was arranged that the two females should sleep in one bed, and the plaintiff and the defendant in another bed in another room. The plaintiff's wife undressed and got into bed, but Miss Godwin got into bed beside her without undressing. After they had been there a short time the plaintiff came down stairs, entered their room, and called out to the defendant to come also, which the defendant accordingly did. Upon this Miss Godwin rushed out of the bed, and went up stairs into the room the two men had vacated, where she lay down to sleep. She remained there until about nine o'clock, when she came down stairs, and in passing the room from which she had escaped, she looked in, and saw the plaintiff, the defendant, and the plaintiff's wife all three in bed together. She went into the kitchen and remained there some little time, when the plaintiff came down and began to assist in making ready the break fast, leaving the defendant and his (the plaintiff's) wife together in the bedroom. About half an hour afterwards the defendant came down, and shortly afterwards the wife.—The jury after a brief summing up, found for the plaintiff.—Damages 40s.

The Game of Chess.

Time game between Von Der Lasa and Mayet.

WHITE. Der Lasa.	BLACK. Mayet.
1. K P 2	K P 2
2. Q P 2	PxP
3. K B QB 4	B Kt 5x
4. Q B P 1	PxP
5. PxP	K B home
6. K Kt B 3	Q P 1
7. Castles.	Q B P 1
8. Q B R 3	K Kt R 3
9. Q Q Kt 3	Q R P 2
10. K Kt Q 4	Q R P 1
11. Q Q Kt 2	K B K 2
12. Q Kt Q 2	Q Kt P 3
13. K B Q 3	K Kt Kt 5
14. K B P 2	Castles
15. K R P 1	K Kt R 3
16. K Kt P 2	K B P 1
17. Q R Q	Q Q Kt 3
18. Q Kt Q B 4	Q Q B 2
19. Q Kt K 4	Q Q B 2
20. K P 1	Q B K
21. Kt K 6	Q Q R 2
22. Q K B 2	Q PxP
23. BxB	QxB
24. KtxR	PxK B P
25. BxK R Px	KxKt
26. QxP	Q Kt Q 2
27. K Kt P 1	K Kt K B 2
28. PxP	Q KtxP
29. B K Kt 6	Q Q B 4.
30. BxKt	BxB
31. Q Q 6x	QxQ
32. RxQ	RxQ R P
33. RxQ B P	K K Kt
34. R Q Kt 6	R K
35. K R K B 3	Kt Q 4
36. KtxKt	B Kt
37. R K B 5	B Q R 5
38. K RxP	BxR
39. RxB	R K 6
40. K K Kt 2	RxQ B P
41. R Q R 5	Q R P 1
42. K K R 2	K K R 2
43. R Q R 7	K K R 3
44. R Q R 5	K Kt P 2
45. K K Kt 2	K to R 4
46. R Q R 4	R Q Kt 6
47. K K R 2	R Kt 7x
48. K K Kt 3	P Q R 7.
49. R Q R 5	K to Kt 3
50. K to Kt 4.	K to B 2
51. R Q R 6x	K K 4
52. KxP	R K Kt 7x
53. K K R 6	K Q 5
54. K R P 1	K Q B 6
55. K R P 1	K Q Kt 6
56. K to R 7	R K Kt 5
57. RxP	KxR
58. K R P 1, and the game is drawn.	

The Minimum of Dog Training.

The minimum of training is to let a dog train himself—it is also the maxium —the *acme*—the model! How so? you may ask. I answer by putting a question. Have you watched *a farmer's dog*? —a dog that knows no kennel except the neighbourhood of the family hearth by day, and the bed of him he loves by night, or wherever he pleases to recline—whose food is the customary family fare—whose drink, like that of the hermit, is that of the limpid spring —whose medicine is the rough grass—and whose exercise is what unrestricted nature prompts him to take, whether when following the plough and sniffing the healthful odours of the freshturned soil, or accompanying his master as a friend over the fields, or disporting himself at will over the sward which surrounds his home. Have you looked at such a dog? Does the most artificial management produce a sleeker coat—a thinner hide—a looser skin—a mass of firmer flesh—a better-developed muscle—a clearer eye—a more cheerful, loving, ready-for-any-thing expression of face? I wot not. Take him to the field, and try him with what you may, you will find him last as well as the *self-trained hare* he pursues. What of this? you may again ask.—Simply that a dog left to himself, *i, e.*, left to the freedom of his own action—obtaining a variety of healthful food, more than once a day, so as, like a human being, to be ever supported, but never glutted and gorged—enjoying comfort within, and fresh air without—and, treated with indulgence, and patted with fondness, will exhibit all the virtues intended to be cultivated, if not expected to be communicated by the maximum of training. If this be so, it manifestly carries the lesson, that artificial training should, as much as possible, imitate natural training; for I need not tell you, that the highest function of every art is to imitate nature in its own department.

The little hare itself, that wonderful concentration of the powers of speed, turning, and endurance, might teach us how to solve the problem. It is not trained with a horse—it does not exercise itself along hard roads—it seeks not wind and endurance by scampering over unelastic sands—it takes exercise while it feeds. The morning sun beholds it chasing its fellow, and in the interesting course, on which no bets are laid, and which has pleasure alone for its object, it strengthens every muscle, and prepares itself for the saving of its life by racing, and wheeling, and turning, and performing every kind of evolution it may have to resort to, when the of its ruthless foes are gaping for its destruction. Let the greyhound, then, be similarly treated. Take him to a field with another, and let them play hound and hare while they will—throw with stones, or bones for him to run rapidly to, and snatch. If there is a good breeze, make a bladder bound before the wind; he will race to it, and turn with it, and toss it in the air, and drive it exultingly before him; and, in all these exercises, he will acquire that freedom and command of himself which the day of trial requires. Occasionally have him held at a distance; put down a rabbit in his view, and, when it begins to run, halloo and cheer him on; he will confirm himself in turning quick, and gain confidence in stooping to conquer. Twice a week let him have a fly after a hare, and he will have his speed improved, his turning improved, his wind improved, and his killing improved; and the greyhound and his trainer will together enjoy these simple exercises, the effect of which on the heart and muscles of the greyhound will be altogether different from that of the less natural labor of plodding along a weary way. A maximum trainer may ask if such training has been carried on with a successful result? I shall quote two modern instances, which may go far to satisfy him. Mortification, which divided the Scottish Champion Cup of 64 dogs with Ladybird, was trained even less; her condition was that of the farmer's dog. She had been running unsuccessfully in Wiltshire, no doubt after the highest artificial training, and, on being taken home, she was left to herself. There was no intention of taking her to the Scottish Champion Meeting; but, on the morning when her trainer was starting she looked so fresh and well that he was tempted to put her in the carriage, and she ran as she had never ran before, proving herself in every course, and in every point of each course, a first class greyhound.

Three times had she started unsuccessfully before, but when *self trained*—and self-training in a greyhound would seem, in its results, to resemble self-education in a man—she came forth the victor of victors. The next is Exodus. His trainer was from home, and a groom, who had had nothing to do with him previously, let him out of his kennel in the morning, paid no attention to him during the day, except giving him his breakfast and dinner, and shut him up in his kennel in the evening. Under this treatment he went to the Waterloo Meeting, and ran up for the purse. This dog was left to himself, even more than Mortification or the farmer's dog, for he had no room to go into, no kind hands to fondle him, no winning voice to instil into him a sense of his own importance. But I must not tire you with the maximum of training. Before concluding, however, permit me to state, that I am, notwithstanding what I have said, far from being opposed to training. On the contrary, I regard it as a fine study, and as a practice in which sound judgment and common sense may have full play. Even exercise with a horse along a road I do not object to, if there be a soft side by the way, but I should prefer a gallop over turf; indeed, almost every method may be considered good, if properly followed. It is the mode of doing, rather than the method, which has to be recommended or denounced. Just as in feeding, it is not so much the kind or quantity of food that has to do with condition as the suitableness of either to the individual dog; and hence training becomes a science as well as an art.

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In a week after receiving the medicines, my patients write. Dear Doctor, accept my warm felt thanks; your medicines have cured me; they are delightful as well as certain. No danger of discovery by having the remedies sent, as (unless otherwise ordered) they are directed to be kept at the depot till called for. Within one, two or three days after writing to us, according to the distance from New York, the patient will be certain of receiving our reply, and the remedies to cure him at the same time. Then the afflicted will rejoice. The medicines are securely put up in a box, and make a compact and portable package, without any mark to damage or to excite curiosity If anything is broken or damaged, by carriage, (which, however, very rarely happens) I invariably make it good when informed of it. No delay in receiving an answer. Distance makes no difference. I cure more than 20,000 every year in different cities, and they all receive their medicines through the mails or by express. Ample directions accompany each remedy and article to be used, so that no mistake can be made.

Patients are requested to be concise, and at the same time minute in the relation of their sexual cases, stating age, the disease, and its duration and symptoms, whether any treatment has been adopted, &c., &c. Out of thousands of letters sent to us annually, by mail, no one has miscarried to our knowledge. Money enclosed in letters is perfectly safe, and is sure to reach us. Letters should be post-paid, and directed to Dr. Thomas Ward, No. 50 Canal street, one door from Broadway, New York.

Madame Bovin's Female Alterative Pills

—for the exclusive use of Females. The Pills are prepared and used by Madame Bovin, late Chief Midwife to the Maternity Lying in Hospital, Paris; author of several works on Diseases of Females; Lecturer on Midwifery, &c., &c. They have been extensively and successfully used for many years on the Continent, and through the whole of Europe, for the following complaints, viz: Obstructions, Suppressions, Green Sickness, Head Ache, Pain in the Side, Palpitation, Loathing of Food, Disturbed Sleep, and all Interruptions and Irregularities in the Menstrual Periods, from whatever cause. These Pills are recommended by the Medical Faculty of Paris and London. For sale, wholesale and retail, at 444 Broadway, N. Y.

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A MOST EFFECTIVE AND CERTAIN cure for all forms of Rheumatic Pains, to which the human frame is liable. The proprietor of this truly miraculous preparation has innumerable certificates from those who have been benefitted by using the "Drops of Comfort." A trial will suffice to convince all of the truth of the asssertion that this Remedy for Rheumatism is the "Wonder of the Age."

Prepared under the immediate supervision of the Inventor and Proprietor, and for sale at No. 30 Stanton street. Price 50 cents per bott

DR. CUNNINGHAM.

DR. GEORGE W. BOND'S VEGETABLE Strengthening Bitters.—The proprietor of this article in offering it to the public, offers it as a medicine that has been used by his father, in an extensive practice of twenty years, with the most wonderful success, being purely vegetable and free from all powerful stimulants. Mild in their operations, they strengthen and invigorate, instead of prostrating the system, allaying all irritability and nervous condition of the system, being a speedy and permanent cure for all diseases arising from a disordered state of the system, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Costiveness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Palpitation of the Heart, Nocturnal Seminal Emissions, and for all weaknesses of the organs of generation; an antidote for all diseases incident to females, Fluor Albus or Whites, and particularly at that critical period, the turn of life. They give new life and vigor to the whole system. No family that values life and health, should be without them in their house. Persons going on long voyages, will find them an excellent article to take with them, as they are a sure remedy, always giving relief. The great demand for this article at my office, and by the advice of a number of the medical profession, has induced me to put it before the public. A trial of one single bottle will satisfy any person, even the most doubtful, that it is truly what it is represented to be. The above article is put up in half pint bottles, and put in square boxes with full directions, and the manufacturer's name written on each label. Price $1 per bottle. None genuine unless put up in the above manner; and the box goes with the bottle, in all cases. Manufactured and sold by GEORGE R. BOND, M. D.,

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The French Lunar Pills.

TO FEMALES EXCLUSIVELY.

THE FRENCH LUNAR PILLS MAY BE OBTAINED by applying either personally or by letter at No. 53 SOUTH MAIN STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

These CELEBRATED PILLS are safe and certain remedies for all SUPPRESSIONS or IRREGULARITIES, and also for other delicate diseases peculiar to females both married and single. The PILLS possess a remarkable power, and when taken according to directions, produce the most surprising yet gratifying results.

☞ A competent medical adviser will always be in attendance to wait on those who wish for a CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION. ☜

We wish to say a few words in relation to the above named PILLS, as by so doing we may benefit a large number of females who now may be suffering for the want of a remedy for one of the most distressing complaints peculiar to their sex. Suppression of the MONTHLY TURNS are now very common to all classes of FEMALES, but more especially to those working in the shops and mills, and when such obstructions have taken place it is no trifling matter to find a REMEDY that will remove the difficulty.

We are satisfied that in a majority of cases of this complaint the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS are the only medicine that can be relied on, at the same time not exposing the patient to danger; we can therefore conscientiously recommend them to all who may be suffering or require their use. There are many medicines now offered for similar purposes, but it is needless for us to say to any one who has used them that they are worse than useless.

The following statement will be sufficient to satisfy any one. They are from respectable persons:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Sir—Having occasion to use some medicines for SUPPRESSIONS, I went to a certain doctor to purchase a box of pills, (purporting to be females pills) and paid him $10. I took the medicine, or rather poison, (for so it proved to be) according to his directions, and soon found myself in the most violent pain, attended with spasms and fever, which continued to grow worse until I took an emetic, which alone saved my life, yet I had not gained the object for which I took the medicine. A lady who waited on me said she had used your FRENCH "LUNAR PILLS," and they answered her purpose faisly.

She advised me try to them, and accordingly I wish you would send me what you think sufficent for my case.

The medicine was accordingly sent, with a request that the lady might communicate the result. In less than a week the following letter was received from the lady's husband:—

DR. CUDWORTH,

Dear Sir—The MEDICINES which you sent us on the 17th has had the DESIRED EFFECT. My wife's OBJECT is ACCOMPLISHED.

A lady says "they answered my case finely," a gentleman in Pawtucket, R. I., whose lady had used the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, says, "they are the most wonderful medicine I ever knew." A lady in Bristol, R. I., recently said, "I believe that the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS saved my life, for I tried everything I could think or hear of." The above facts are given only for the right information of the public.

Ladies, we would now offer one word of

CAUTION.

There is now in this and other cities a great number of articles advertised "FEMALES' PILLS," for SUPPRESSIONS, &c., which should not be taken at certain times, &c., &c.; but it is sufficient to say that they are mere QUACK NOSTRUMS; whosoever buys them will get wofully deceived.

Be sure that you obtain the FRENCH LUNAR PILLS, which must bear the written signature of the proprietor, D. CUDWORTH, M. D., on the outside of the wrapper. PRICE $3 PER BOX. They can be sent by mail to any part of the United States. All letters of information must be addressed to D. CUDWORTH, M. D., Providence, R. I. Persons in New York can obtain the PILLS of C. H. RING, 192 Broadway.

N. B.—Any person requiring the Pills in any part of the United States, by directing a letter (post-paid) with the money enclosed, to D. CUDWORTH, M. D Providence, R. I., will receive a box of Pills by return of mail.

MEDICAL ADVISER

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